

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE LATE MR. PETIGRU OF SOUTH CAROLINA. It is fresh in the recollection of many of our readers that the death of this loyal, gifted, and beloved citizen called forth the warmest tributes of respect and affection from some of the most eminent individuals in our community. His isolated nationality of sentiment and undaunted patriotism in the very heart of rebellion, are now historical. It is gratifying in this age of irreverence and neglect of the past, to note what seems to us a beautiful evidence of filial piety. The family of Mr. Petigru shared the misfortunes incident to the rebellion, and his accomplished daughter found a home among her father's friends and her own in New York, where she has bravely exercised her talents to maintain herself, and, at the same time, graced an intelligent and sympathizing social circle; yet, from her scanty earnings, she has found the means to provide a beautiful monument to the memory of her noble father. In the marble yard of Bird & Fisher, in East Houston street, New York, may be seen an upright slab of white marble, with a granite base, which is soon to be erected in the Church of St. Michael's, Charleston, S.C. It bears the following inscription:

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU.

Born at Abbeville, May 10th, 1789.
Died at Charleston, March 9th, 1863.
Jurist, Orator, Statesman, Patriot.
Future times will hardly know how great a life
This simple Stone commemorates.
The tradition of his Eloquence, his
Wisdom and his Wit, may fade,
But he lived for ends more desirable than fame;
His eloquence was the protection of the poor
and the wronged,
His learning illuminated the principles of Law.
In the admiration of his Peers,
In the respect of his People,
In the affection of his family,
His was the first place;
The just meed of his kindness and forbearance,
His dignity and simplicity,
His brilliant genius and his unwearyed industry;
Unawed by opinion,
Unseduced by flattery,
Undismayed by disaster,
He confronted life with antique courage,
And Death with Christian Hope.

—
In the great Civil War
He withstood his people for his country;
But his people did homage to the man
Who held his conscience higher than their
praise;
And his country
Heaped honours on the grave of the Patriot,

To whom, living, his own self-respect sufficed
Alike for Motive and Reward.

—
"Nothing is here for Tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a life so noble."

—
This Stone is erected by his daughter Caroline
Carson.

— Boston Transcript.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

POOR trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the fold
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art?
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold,
Creeping and gnawing to thine inmost heart;
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou knowest not what—perchance may
never know—
Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and
light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait?
Behold, "the Spirit and the Bride say,
Come."
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in his love would lead thee gently home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.
Thou art His own. Wouldst thou His beauty
know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not
see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive,
"More blest are they who see not, yet believe."

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou
say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is
dead;
I have no faith, and without faith who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."
Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him;
And this He meant in saying, "Come to
me."
In light or darkness seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus sãll.

From The London Edition.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

BY JOHN STEUART MILL.

ONCE at least in every generation the question, "What is to be done with Ireland?" rises again to perplex the councils and trouble the conscience of the British nation. It has now risen more formidable than ever, and with the further aggravation, that it was unexpected. Irish disaffection, assuredly, is a familiar fact; and there have always been those among us who liked to explain it by a special taint or infirmity in the Irish character. But Liberal Englishmen had always attributed it to the multitude of unredressed wrongs. England had for ages, from motives of different degrees of unworthiness, made her yoke heavy upon Ireland. According to a well known computation, the whole land of the island had been confiscated three times over. Part had been taken to enrich powerful Englishmen and their Irish adherents; part to form the endowment of a hostile hierarchy; the rest had been given away to English and Scotch colonists, who held, and were intended to hold it, as a garrison against the Irish. The manufactures of Ireland, except the linen manufacture, which was chiefly carried on by these colonists, were deliberately crushed for the avowed purpose of making more room for those of England. The vast majority of the native Irish, all who professed the Roman Catholic religion, were, in violation of the faith pledged to the Catholic army at Limerick, despoiled of all their political and most of their civil rights, and were left in existence only to plough or dig the ground, and pay rent to their taskmasters. A nation which treats its subjects in this fashion cannot well expect to be loved by them. It is not necessary to discuss the circumstances of extenuation which an advocate might more or less justly urge to excuse these iniquities to the English conscience. Whatever might be their value in our own eyes, in those of the Irish they had not, and could not have, any extenuating virtue. Short of actual depopulation and desolation, or the direct personal enslaving of the inhabitants, little was omitted which could give a people cause to execrate its conquerors. But these just causes of disloyalty, it was at last thought, had been removed. The jealousy of Irish industry and enterprise has long ceased, and all inequality of commercial advantages between the two countries has been done away with. The civil rights of the Catholic population

have been restored to them, and (with one or two trifling exceptions) their political disabilities have been taken off. The prizes of professional and of political life, in Ireland, England, and every British dependency, have been thrown open, in law and in fact, to Catholic as well as Protestant Irish. The alien Church indeed remains, but is no longer supported by a levy from the Catholic tillers of the soil; it has become a charge on the rent paid by them, mostly to Protestant landlords. The confiscations have not been reversed; but the hand of time has passed over them: they have reached the stage at which, in the opinion of reasonable men, the reversal of an injustice is but an injustice the more. The representatives of the Irish Catholics are a power in the House of Commons, sufficient at times to hold the balance of parties. Irish complaints, great and small, are listened to with patience, if not always with respect; and when they admit of a remedy which seems reasonable to English minds, there is no longer any reluctance to apply it. What, then, it is thought even by Liberal Englishmen, has Ireland to resent? What, indeed, remains from which resentment could arise? By dint of believing that disaffection had ceased to be reasonable, they came to think that it had ceased to be possible. All grievances, of a kind to exasperate the ruled against the rulers, had, they thought, disappeared. Nature, too, not in her kinder, but in one of her cruellest moods, had made it her study to relieve the conscience of the English rulers of Ireland. A people of whom, according to the Report of a Royal Commission, two millions and a half were for many weeks of each year in a state of chronic starvation, were a sight which might cause some misgiving in a nation that had absolute power over them. But the Angel of Death had stepped in, and removed that spectre from before our gate. An appalling famine, followed by an unexampled and continuous emigration, had, by thinning the labour market, alleviated that extreme indigence which, by making the people desperate, might embitter them, we thought, even against a mild and just Government. Ireland was now not only well governed, but prosperous and improving. Surely the troubles of the British nation about Ireland were now at an end.

It is upon a people, or at least upon upper and middle classes, basking in this fool's paradise, that Fenianism has burst, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, unlooked for and unintelligible, and has found them utterly unprepared to meet it and to deal with it.

The disaffection which they flattered themselves had been cured, suddenly shows itself more intense, more violent, more unscrupulous, and more universal than ever. The population is divided between those who wish success to Fenianism, and those who, though disapproving its means and perhaps its ends, sympathize in its embittered feelings. Repressed by force in Ireland itself, the rebellion visits us in our own homes, scattering death among those who have given no provocation but that of being English-born. So deadly is the hatred, that it will run all risks merely to do us harm, with little or no prospect of any consequent good to itself. Our rulers are helpless to deal with this new outburst of enmity, because they are unable to see that any thing on their part has given cause for it. They are brought face to face with a spirit which will as little tolerate what we think our good government as our bad, and they have not been trained to manage problems of that difficulty. But though their statesmanship is at fault, their conscience is at ease, because the rebellion, they think, is not one of grievance or suffering; it is a rebellion for an idea — the idea of nationality. Alas for the self-complacent ignorance of irresponsible rulers, be they monarchs, classes, or nations! If there is any thing sadder than the calamity itself, it is the unmistakable sincerity and good faith with which numbers of Englishmen confess themselves incapable of comprehending it. They know not that the disaffection which neither has nor needs any other motive than aversion to the rulers, is the climax to a long growth of disaffection arising from causes that might have been removed. What seems to them the causelessness of the Irish repugnance to our rule, is the proof that they have almost let pass the last opportunity they are ever likely to have of setting it right. They have allowed what once was indignation against particular wrongs, to harden into a passionate determination to be no longer ruled on any terms by those to whom they ascribe all their evils. Rebellions are never really unconquerable until they have become rebellions for an idea. Revolt against practical ill-usage may be quelled by concessions; but wait till all practical grievances have merged in the demand for independence, and there is no knowing that any concession, short of independence, will appease the quarrel.

But what, it will be asked, is the provocation that England is giving to Ireland, now that she has left off crushing her commerce and persecuting her religion? What harm to Ireland does England intend, or

knowingly inflict? What good, that she knows how to give her, would she not willingly bestow? Unhappily, her offence is precisely that she does not know; and is so well contented with not knowing, that Irishmen who are not hostile to her are coming to believe that she will not and cannot learn. Calm men, like the clerical authors of the Limerick declaration, who disapprove of Fenianism and of all that the Fenians are doing, and who have no preference for separation in itself, are expressing a deliberate conviction that the English nation *cannot* see or understand what laws and institutions are necessary for a state of society and civilization like that of Ireland. The English people ought to ask themselves, seriously and without prejudice, what it is that gives sober men this opinion of them; and endeavour to remove it, or humbly confess that it is true, and fulfil the only duty which remains performable by them on that supposition, that of withdrawing from the attempt.

That this desperate form of disaffection, which does not demand to be better governed, which asks us for no benefit, no redress of grievances, not even any reparation for injuries, but simply to take ourselves off, and rid the country of our presence — that this revolt of mere nationality has been so long in coming, proves that it might have been prevented from coming at all. More than a generation has elapsed since we renounced the desire to govern Ireland for the English: if at that epoch we had begun to know how to govern her for herself, the two nations would by this time have been one. But we neither knew, nor knew that we did not know. We had got a set of institutions of our own, which we thought suited us — whose imperfections we were, at any rate, used to: we, or our ruling classes, thought, that there could be no boon to any country equal to that of imparting those institutions to her, and as none of their benefits were any longer withheld from Ireland, Ireland, it seemed, could have nothing more to desire. What was not too bad for us, must be good enough for Ireland, or if not, Ireland or the nature of things was alone in fault.

It is always a most difficult task which a people assumes when it attempts to govern, either in the way of incorporation or as a dependency, another people very unlike itself. But whoever reflects on the constitution of society in these two countries, with any sufficient knowledge of the states of society which exist elsewhere, will be driven, however unwillingly, to the conclusion, that there is probably no other nation of the civilized world, which, if the task of governing

Ireland had happened to devolve on it, would not have shown itself more capable of that work than England has hitherto done. The reasons are these: First, there is no other civilized nation which is so conceited of its own institutions, and of all its modes of public action, as England is; and secondly, there is no other civilized nation which is so far apart from Ireland in the character of its history, or so unlike it in the whole constitution of its social economy; and none, therefore, which if it applies to Ireland the modes of thinking and maxims of government which have grown up within itself, is so certain to go wrong.

The first indeed of our disqualifications, our conceit of ourselves, is certainly diminishing. Our governing classes are now quite accustomed to be told that the institutions which they thought must suit all mankind since they suited us, require far greater alteration than they dream of to be fit even for ourselves. When they were told this, they have long been in the habit of answering, that whatever defects these institutions may have in theory, they are suited to the opinions, the feelings, and the historical antecedents of the English people. But mark how little they really mean by this vindication. If suitability to the opinions, feelings, and historical antecedents of those who live under them is the best recommendation of institutions, it ought to have been remembered, that the opinions, feelings, and historical antecedents of the Irish people are totally different from, and in many respects contrary to those of the English; and that things which in England find their chief justification in their being liked, cannot admit of the same justification in a country where they are detested. But the reason which recommends institutions to their own supporters, and that which is used to stop the mouths of opponents, are far from being always one and the same.

Let us take as an example, that one of our institutions which has the most direct connexion with the worst practical grievances of Ireland; absolute property in land, the land being engrossed by a comparatively small number of families. I am not going to discuss this institution, or to express, on the present occasion, any opinion about its abstract merits. Let these, if we will, be transcendent—let it be the best and highest form of agricultural and social economy, for anything I mean to say to the contrary. But I do say that this is not self-evident. It is not one of the truths which shine so brilliantly by their own

light, that they are assented to by every sane man the moment he understands the words in which they are conveyed. On the contrary, what present themselves the most obviously at the first aspect of this institution are the objections to it. That a man should have absolute control over what his own labour and skill have created, and even over what he has received by gift or bequest from those who created it, is recommended by reasons of a very obvious character, and does not shock any natural feeling. Moveable property can be produced in indefinite quantity, and he who disposes as he likes of anything which, it can fairly be argued, would not have existed but for him, does no wrong to any one. It is otherwise with regard to land, a thing which no man made, which exists in limited quantity, which was the original inheritance of all mankind, and which whoever appropriates, keeps others out of its possession. Such appropriation, when there is not enough left for all, is at the first aspect, an usurpation on the rights of other people. And though it is manifestly just that he who sows should be allowed to reap, this justice, which is the true moral foundation of property in land, avails little in favour of proprietors who reap but do not sow, and who assume the right of ejecting those who do. When the general condition of the land of a country is such as this, its title to the submission and attachment of these whom it seems to disinherit, is by no means obvious. It is a state of things which has great need of extrinsic recommendations. It requires to be rooted in the traditions and oldest recollections of the people; the landed families must be identified with the religion of the country, with its nationality, with its ancient rulers, leaders, defenders, teachers, and other objects of gratitude and veneration, or at least of ungrudging obedience.

These conditions have been found, in some considerable measure, or at all events, nothing contrary to them has been found, for many centuries, in England. All that is most opposite to them has at all times existed in Ireland. The traditions and recollections of native Irish society are wholly the contrary way. Before the Conquest, the Irish people knew nothing of absolute property in land. The land virtually belonged to the entire sept; the chief was little more than the managing member of the association. The feudal idea, which views all rights as emanating from a head landlord, came in with the Conquest, was associated with foreign dominion, and

has never to this day been recognised by the moral sentiments of the people. Originally the offspring not of industry but of spoliation, the right has not been allowed to purify itself by protracted possession, but has passed from the original spoliators to others by a series of fresh spoliations, so as to be always connected with the latest and most odious oppressions of foreign invaders. In the moral feelings of the Irish people, the right to hold the land goes, as it did in the beginning, with the right to till it. Since the last confiscations, nearly all the land has been owned from generation to generation with a more absolute ownership than exists in almost any other country (except England), by landlords (mostly foreigners, and nearly all of a foreign religion) who had less to do with tilling it, who had less connexion with it of any useful kind — or indeed of any kind, for a large proportion did not even reside on it — than the landowners of any other known country. There are parts of Europe, such as East Prussia, where the land is chiefly owned in large estates, but where almost every landowner farms his own land. In Ireland, until a recent period, any one who knew the country might almost have counted those who did anything for their estate but consume its produce. The landlords were a mere burthen on the land. The whole rental of the country was wasted in maintaining, often in reckless extravagance, people who were not nearly as useful to the hive as the drones are, and were entitled to less respect. These are the antecedents of Irish history in respect to property in land. Let any Englishman put himself in the position of an Irish peasant, and ask himself whether, if the case were his own, the landed property of the country would have any sacredness to his feelings. Even the Whiteboy and the Rockite, in their outrages against the landlord, fought for, not against, the sacredness of what was property in their eyes; for it is not the right of the rent-receiver, but the right of the cultivator, with which the idea of property is connected in the Irish popular mind.

These facts being notorious, and the feelings engendered by them being, in part at least, perfectly reasonable in the eyes of every civilized people in the world except England, it is a characteristic specimen of the practical good sense by which England is supposed to be distinguished, that she should persist to this hour in forcing upon a people with such feelings, and such antecedents, her own idea of absolute property

in land. If those who created English manufactures, commerce, navigation, and dominion, to say nothing of English literature and science, had gone to work in this style — had shown this amount of judgment in the adaptation of means to ends — England would at the present time have been in something like the condition of the Papal territory, or of Spain.

Thus much as to the harmony of certain English institutions with the feelings and prepossessions of the Irish people, which, according to the received doctrine of our historical Conservatives, is the first point to be considered in either retaining old institutions or introducing new. But now, apart from the question of acceptability to Ireland, let us consider whether our own laws and usages, at least in relation to land, are the model we should even desire to follow in governing Ireland; whether the circumstances of the two countries are sufficiently similar, to warrant the belief, that things which may work well, or may not be fatally destructive to prosperity, in England, will be useful or innocuous, even if voluntarily accepted by the people of the neighbouring island.

What are the main features in the social economy of Ireland? First, it is a country wholly agricultural. The entire population, with some not very important exceptions, cultivates the soil, or depends for its subsistence on cultivation. In this respect, if all the countries of Europe except Russia were arranged in a scale, Ireland would be at one extremity of the scale, England and Scotland at the other. In Great Britain, not more than a third of the population subsists by agriculture. In most countries of the Continent a great majority do so, though in no country but Russia so great a majority as in Ireland. Ireland, therefore, in this essential particular, bears more resemblance to almost any other country in Europe than she does to Great Britain.

When the agricultural population are but a fraction of the entire people; when the commercial and manufacturing development of the country leaves a large opening for the children of the agriculturists to seek and find subsistence elsewhere than on the soil; a bad tenure of land, though always mischievous, can in some measure be borne with. But when a people have no means of sustenance but the land, the conditions on which the land can be occupied, and support derived from it, are all in all. Now, under an apparent resemblance, those conditions are radically different in Ireland

and in England. In England the land is rented and cultivated by capitalist farmers; in Ireland, except in the grazing districts, principally by manual labourers, or small farmers in nearly the same condition in life. The multitude of other differences which flow from this one difference, it would be too prolix to detail. But (what is still more important), in Ireland, where the well-being of the whole population depends on the terms on which they are permitted to occupy the land, those terms are the very worst in Europe. There are many other countries in which the land is owned principally in large masses, and farmed in great part by manual labourers. But I doubt if there be now any other part of Europe where, as a general rule, these farm-labourers are entirely without a permanent interest in the soil. The serfs certainly were not; they could not be turned out of their holdings. The *métayers* in France, before the Revolution, could; and their wretchedness, accordingly, was the bye-word of Europe. There are still *métayers* in France, but those of them who have not, as many have, other land of their own in full property, are still the disturbing element of rural society. The departments which returned Socialist deputies to the Assemblies of 1848 and 1849 were chiefly those in which *métayerism* still lingered. The *métayers* of Italy are, by a custom, as binding as law, irremovable so long as they fulfil their contract. The Prussian peasants, even before the beneficent enfranchising legislation of Stein and Hardenberg, had positive rights in the soil which they could not be deprived of. It is only in parts of Belgium that it is a frequent practice for small farmers to hold from large proprietors, with no other legal protection than the stipulations of a short lease: but their truly admirable industry owes its vigour to the fact that small landed properties are always to be had for money, at prices which they can hope to save. They, moreover, live in the midst of a large and thriving manufacturing industry, which takes off the hands that might otherwise compete unduly for the soil. In Ireland alone the whole agricultural population can be evicted by the mere will of the landlord, either at the expiration of a lease, or, in the far commoner case of their having no lease, at six months' notice. In Ireland alone the bulk of a population dependent wholly on the land, cannot look forward with confidence to a single year's occupation of it: while the sole outlet for the dispossessed cultivators, or for those whose competition raises

the rents against the cultivators, is expropriation. So long as they remain in the country of their birth, their support must be drawn from a source for the permanence of which they have no guarantee, and the failure of which leaves them nothing to depend on but the poor-house. In one circumstance alone England and Ireland are alike: the cultivated area of both countries is owned in large estates by a small class of great landlords. In the opinion of great landlords, and of the admirers of the state of society which produces them, this is enough: the interest and the wisdom of the landlords may be implicitly relied on for making everybody comfortable. Great landlords can do as they like with their estates, on this side of St. George's Channel; English landlords are absolute masters of the conditions on which they will let their land; and why should not Irish landlords be so? But in the first place, English landlords do not let their land to a labourer, but to a capitalist farmer, who is able to take care of his own interest. The capitalist has not to choose between the possession of a farm and destitution; the labourer has. This element subverts the whole basis on which the letting of farms, as a business transaction, and the foundation of a national economy, requires to rest. The capitalist farmer will beware of offering a rent that will leave him no profit; the peasant farmer will promise any amount of rent, whether he can pay it or not. England, moreover, not being a purely agricultural, but a commercial country, even great landlords learn to look at the management of estates in a somewhat commercial spirit, and can see their own advantage (where the loze of political influence does not prevent) in making it the interest of the tenant to improve the land; or, if they can afford to do so, will often improve it for him.

An average Irish landlord, instead of improving his estate, does not even put up the fences and farm-buildings which everywhere else it is the landlord's business to provide; they are left to be erected by the labourer-tenant for himself, and are such as a labourer-tenant is able to erect. If a tenant here and there is able and willing to make them a little better than ordinary, or to add in any other manner to the productiveness and value of the farm, there is nothing to prevent the landlord from waiting till it is done, and then seizing on the result, or requiring from the tenant additional rent for the use of the fruits of his own labour; and so many landlords even

of high rank are not ashamed to do this, that it is evident their compeers do not think it at all disgraceful. It is usual to impute the worst abuses of Irish landlordism to middlemen. Middlemen are rapidly dying out, but there was lately a middleman in the county of Clare, under whose landlordship Irish peasants, by their labour and their scanty means, reclaimed a considerable tract on the sea-coast, and founded thereon the flourishing watering-place of Kilkee. The middleman died, his lease fell in, and the tenants fancied that they should now be still better off; but the head landlord, the Marquis Conyngham, at once put on rents equal to the full value of the improvements (in some instances an increase of 700 per cent), and not content with this, pulled down a considerable portion of the town, reduced its population from 1879 to 950, and drove out the remainder to wander about Ireland, or to England or America, and swell the ranks of the bitter enemies of Great Britain.* Did the interest, any more than the good feelings, of this landlord, prevent him from destroying this remarkable creation of industry, and giving its creators cause bitterly to repent that they had ever made it? What might not be hoped from a people who had the energy and enterprise to create a flourishing town under liability to be robbed? And to what sympathy or consideration are those entitled who avail themselves of a bad law to perpetrate what is morally robbery?

When Irishmen ask to be protected against deeds of this description, they are told that the law they complain of is the same which exists in England. What signifies it that the law is the same, if opinion and the social circumstances of the country are better than the law, and prevent the oppression which the law permits? It is bad that one *can* be robbed in due course of law, but it is greatly worse when one actually is. England, with her capitalist farmers and her powerful public opinion, can afford to leave improper power in the hands of her great landlords—not, indeed, without serious evil to her agricultural population, the state of which is generally felt to be the most peccant part of her social condition; not without evil to all over whom power is exercised through the votes of that population; but yet without hindrance to

the attainment, by the nation as a whole, of great wealth and prosperity. Ireland is very differently circumstanced. When, as a general rule, the land of a country is farmed by the very hands that till it, the social economy resulting is intolerable, unless either by law or custom the tenant is protected against arbitrary eviction, or arbitrary increase of rent. Nor is there any country of Western Europe save England (unless Spain be an exception) which, if Ireland had belonged to it, would not before this time have seen and acted on that principle; because there is not one which is not familiar with the principle and its bearings, from ample experience. England alone is without such experience of its own, and knows and cares too little about foreign countries to benefit by theirs.

At a particular moment of the revolutionary war, a French armament, led by the illustrious Hoche, was only prevented by stress of weather from effecting a landing in Ireland. At that moment it was on the cards whether Ireland should not belong to France, or at least be organized as an independent country under French protection. Had this happened, does any one believe that the Irish peasant would not have become even as the French peasant? When the great landowners had fled, as they would have fled, to England, every farm on their estates would have become the property of the occupant, subject to some fixed payment to the State. Ireland would then have been in the condition in which small farming, and tenancy by manual labourers, are consistent with good agriculture and public prosperity. The small holder would have laboured for himself and not for others, and his interest would have coincided with the interest of the country in making every plot of land produce its utmost. What Hoche would have done for the Irish peasant, or its equivalent, has still to be done; and any government which will not do it does not fulfil the rational and moral conditions of a government. There is no necessity that it should be done as Hoche would most likely have done it, without indemnity to the losers. A few years ago it might not have been necessary to do as much as he would have done. The distribution of the waste land in peasant properties might then have sufficed. Perhaps even such small measures as that of securing to tenants a moderate compensation, in money or by length of lease, for improvements actually made, and abolishing the unjust privilege of distraining for rent, might have appeased or postponed disaffection, and

* The outline of these facts is matter of public notoriety. For details, far more impressive than I have ventured to quote, the reader may refer to the pamphlet of the Rev. Sylvester Malone, "Tenant-Wrong Illustrated in a Nutshell; or, a History of Kilkee in Relation to Landlordism during the last Seven Years."

given to great-landlordism a fresh term of existence.

But such reforms as these, granted at the last moment, would hardly give a week's respite from active disaffection. The Irish are no longer reduced to take anything they can get. They have acquired the sense of being supported by prosperous multitudes of their countrymen on the opposite side of the Atlantic. These it is who will furnish the leaders, the pecuniary resources, the skill, the military discipline, and a great part of the effective force, in any future Irish rebellion: and it is the interest of these auxiliaries to refuse to listen to any form of compromise, since no share of its benefits would be for them, while they would lose the dream of a place in the world's eye as chiefs of an independent republic. With these for leaders, and a people like the Irish, always ready to trust implicitly those whom they think hearty in their cause, no accommodation is henceforth possible which does not give the Irish peasant all that he could gain by a revolution — permanent possession of the land, subject to fixed burthens. Such a change may be revolutionary; but revolutionary measures are the thing now required. It is not necessary that the revolution should be violent, still less that it should be unjust. It may and it ought to respect existing pecuniary interests which have the sanction of law. An equivalent ought to be given for the bare pecuniary value of all mischievous rights which landlords or any others are required to part with. But no mercy ought to be shown to the mischievous rights themselves; no scruples of purely English birth ought to stay our hands from effecting, since it has come to that, a real revolution in the economical and social constitution of Ireland. In the completeness of the revolution will lie its safety. Anything less than complete, unless as a step to completion, will give no help. There has been a time for proposals to effect this change by a gradual process, by encouragement of voluntary arrangements; but the volume of the Sibyl's books which contained them has been burned. If ever, in our time, Ireland is to be a consenting party to her union with England, the changes must be so made that the existing generation of Irish farmers shall at once enter upon their benefits. The rule of Ireland now rightfully belongs to those who, by means consistent with justice, will make the cultivators of the soil of Ireland the owners of it; and the English nation has got to decide whether it will be that just ruler or not.

Englishmen are not always incapable of

shaking off insular prejudices, and governing another country according to its wants, and not according to common English habits and notions. It is what they have had to do in India; and those Englishmen who know something of India, are even now those who understand Ireland best. Persons who know both countries, have remarked many points of resemblance between the Irish and the Hindoo character; there certainly are many between the agricultural economy of Ireland and that of India. But, by a fortunate accident, the business of ruling India in the name of England did not rest with the Houses of Parliament or the offices at Westminster; it devolved on men who passed their lives in India, and made Indian interests their professional occupation. There was also the advantage, that the task was laid upon England after nations had begun to have a conscience, and not while they were sunk in the reckless savagery of the middle ages. The English rulers, accordingly, reconciled themselves to the idea that their business was not to sweep away the rights they found established, or wrench and compress them into the similitude of something English, but to ascertain what they were; having ascertained them, to abolish those only which were absolutely mischievous; otherwise to protect them, and use them as a starting point for further steps in improvement. This work of stripping off their preconceived English ideas was at first done clumsily and imperfectly, and at the cost of many mistakes; but as they honestly meant to do it, they in time succeeded, and India is now governed, if with a large share of the ordinary imperfections of rulers, yet with a full perception and recognition of its differences from England. What has been done for India has now to be done for Ireland; and as we should have deserved to be turned out of the one, had we not proved equal to the need, so shall we to lose the other.

It is not consistent with self-respect, in a nation any more than in an individual, to wait till it is compelled by uncontrollable circumstances to resign that which it cannot in conscience hold. Before allowing its government to involve it in another repetition of the attempt to maintain English dominion over Ireland by brute force, the English nation ought to commune with its conscience, and solemnly reconsider its position. If England is unable to learn what has to be learnt, and unlearn what has to be unlearned, in order to make her rule willingly accepted by the Irish people; or, to look at the hypothesis on its other side, if the Irish are in-

capable of being taught the superiority of English notions about the way in which they ought to be governed, and obstinately persist in preferring their own; if this supposition, whichever way we choose to turn it, is true, are we the power which, according to the general fitness of things and the rules of morality, ought to govern Ireland? If so, what are we dreaming of, when we give our sympathy to the Poles, the Italians, the Hungarians, the Servians, the Greeks, and I know not how many other oppressed nationalities? On what principle did we act when we renounced the government of the Ionian Islands?

It is not to fear of consequences, but to a sense of right, that one would wish to appeal on this most momentous question. Yet it is not impertinent to say, that to hold Ireland permanently by the old bad means is simply impossible. Neither Europe nor America would now bear the sight of a Poland across the Irish Channel. Were we to attempt it, and a rebellion, so provoked, could hold its ground but for a few weeks, there would be an explosion of indignation all over the civilized world; on this single occasion Liberals and Catholics would be unanimous; Papal volunteers and Garibaldians would fight side by side against us for the independence of Ireland, until the many enemies of British prosperity had time to complicate the situation by a foreign war. Were we even able to prevent a rebellion, or suppress it the moment it broke out, the holding down by military violence of a people in desperation, constantly struggling to break their fetters, is a spectacle which Russia is still able to give to mankind, because Russia is almost inaccessible to a foreign enemy; but the attempt could not long succeed with a country so vulnerable as England, having territories to defend in every part of the globe, and half her population dependent on foreign commerce. Neither do I believe that the mass of the British people, those who are not yet corrupted by power, would permit the attempt. The prophets who, judging, I presume, from themselves, always augur the worst of the moral sentiments of their countrymen, are already asseverating that, whether right or wrong, the British people would rather devastate Ireland from end to end and root out its inhabitants, than consent to its separation from England. If we believe them, the people of England are a kind of blood-hounds, always ready to break loose and perpetrate Jamaica horrors, unless they, and their like, are there to temper and restrain British brutality. This representation does

not accord with my experience. I believe that these prophecies proceed from men who seek to make their countrymen responsible for what they themselves are burning to commit; and that the rising power in our affairs, the democracy of Great Britain, is opposed, on principle, to holding any people in subjection against their will. The question was put, some six months ago, to one of the largest and most enthusiastic public meetings ever assembled in London under one roof—"Do you think that England has a right to rule over Ireland if she cannot make the Irish people content with her rule?" and the shouts of "No!" which burst from every part of that great assemblage, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. An age when delegates of working men meet in European Congresses to concert united action for the interests of labour, is not one in which labourers will cut down labourers at other people's bidding. The time is come when the democracy of one country will join hands with the democracy of another, rather than back their own ruling authorities in putting it down. I shall not believe, until I see it proved, that the English and Scotch people are capable of the folly and wickedness of carrying fire and sword over Ireland in order that their rulers may govern Ireland contrary to the will of the Irish people. That they would put down a partial outbreak, in order to get a fair trial for a system of government beneficent and generally acceptable to the people, I really believe; nor should I in any way blame them for so doing.

Let it not, however, be supposed that I should regard either an absolute or a qualified separation of the two countries, otherwise than as a dishonour to one, and a serious misfortune to both. It would be a deep disgrace to us, that having the choice of, on the one hand, a peaceful legislative revolution in the laws and rules affecting the relation of the inhabitants to the soil, or on the other, of abandoning a task beyond our skill, and leaving Ireland to rule herself, incapacity for the better of the two courses should drive us to the worse. For that it would be greatly the worse even for Ireland, many Irishmen, even Irish Catholics, are probably still calm enough to perceive, if but good government can be had without it.

The mere geographical situation of the two countries makes them far more fit to exist as one nation than as two. Not only are they more powerful for defence against a foreign enemy combined than separate, but, if separate, they would be a standing menace to

one another. Parted at the present time and with their present feelings, the two islands would be, of all countries in Europe, those which would have the most hostile disposition towards one another. Too much bitter feeling still remains between England and the United States, more than eighty years after separation; and Ireland has suffered from England for many centuries, evils compared with which the greatest grievances of the Americans were, in all but their principle, insignificant. The persevering reciprocation of insults between English and American newspapers and public speakers has, before now, brought those two countries to the verge of a war; would there not be even more of this between countries still nearer neighbours, on the morrow of an unfriendly separation? In the perpetual state of irritated feeling thus kept up, trifles would become causes of quarrel. Disputes more or less serious, even collisions, would be for ever liable to occur. Ireland, therefore, besides having to defend herself against all other enemies, internal and external, without English help, would feel obliged to keep herself always armed and in readiness to fight England. An Irishman must have a very lofty idea of the resources of his country who thinks that this load upon the Irish taxpayer would be easily borne. A war-tax assessed upon the soil, for want of other taxable material, would be no small set-off against what the peasant would gain even by the entire cessation of rent. The burthen of the necessity of being always prepared for war, was no unimportant part of the motive which made the Northern States of America prefer a war at once to allowing the South to secede from the Union. Yet the necessity would not have weighed so heavily on them as it would on Ireland, because they were both the most powerful half of the American Union and the richest. To England, the necessity of being always in a state of preparation against Ireland would be comparatively a less inconvenience, because she already has to maintain, for defence against foreigners, a force that would in general suffice for both purposes. But Ireland would have to create both a fleet and an army; and, after all that could be done, so oppressive would be her sense of insecurity, that she would probably be driven to compromise her newly acquired independence, and seek the protection of alliances with Continental powers. From that moment she would, in addition to her own wars, be dragged into a participation in theirs. Were she to choose the smaller evil, and re-

main free from any permanent entanglement, all enemies of Great Britain would not the less confidently look forward to an Irish alliance, and to being allowed to use Ireland as a basis of attack against Great Britain. Ireland would probably become, like Belgium formerly, one of the battle-fields of European war: while she would be in not unreasonable fear lest England should anticipate the danger, by herself occupying Ireland with a military force at every commencement of hostilities. On the part of England, the pacific character which English policy has assumed precludes any probability of aggressive war; but the ejected Irish higher classes (for ejected they could scarcely fail to be) would form an element hostile to Ireland on this side of the Irish Sea, which would be to the Irish Republic what the *émigrés* at Coblenz were to revolutionary France. In all this I am supposing that Ireland would succeed in establishing a regular and orderly government: but suppose that she failed? Suppose that she had to pass through an interval of partial anarchy first? What if there were a civil war between the Protestant and Catholic Irish, or between Ulster and the other provinces? Is it in human nature that the sympathies of England should not be principally with the English Protestant colony, and would not she either help that side, or be constantly believed to be on the point of helping it? For generations it is to be feared that the two nations would be either at war, or in a chronic state of precarious and armed peace, each constantly watching a probable enemy so near at hand that in an instant they might be at each other's throat. By this state of their relations it is almost superfluous to say that the poorer of the two countries would suffer most. To England it would be an inconvenience; to Ireland a public calamity, not only in the way of direct burthen, but by the paralyzing effect of a general feeling of insecurity upon industrial energy and enterprise.

But there is a contingency beyond all this, from the possibility of which we ought not to avert our eyes. Ireland might be invaded and conquered by a great military power. She might become a province of France. This is not the least likely thing to befall her, if her independence of England should be followed by protracted disorders, such as to make peaceably disposed persons welcome an armed pacificator capable of imposing on the conflicting parties a common servitude. How bitter such a result of all their struggles ought to be to patriotic Irish-

men, I will not stop to show. But I ask any patriotic Englishman what he would think of such a prospect; and whether he is disposed to run the risk of it, in order that a few hundred families of the upper classes may continue to possess the land of Ireland, instead of its pecuniary value.

All this evil, it may be thought, could be prevented by agreeing beforehand upon a close alliance and perpetual confederacy between the two nations. But is it likely that the party which had effected a separation in home affairs, would desire or consent to unity in foreign relations? A confederacy is an agreement to have the same friends and enemies, and can only subsist between peoples who have the same interests and feelings, and who, if they fight at all, would wish to fight on the same side. Great Britain and Ireland, if all community of interest between them were cut off, would generally prefer to be on contrary sides. In any Continental complications, the sympathies of England would be with Liberalism; while those of Ireland are sure to be on the same side as the Pope — that is, on the side opposed to modern civilization and progress, and to the freedom of all except Catholic populations held in subjection by non-Catholic rulers. Besides, America is the country with which we are at present in most danger of having serious difficulties; and Ireland would be far more likely to confederate with America against us, than with us against America. Some may say that this difference of national feeling, if an obstacle to alliance, is, *à fortiori*, a condemnation of union. But even the most Catholic of Irishmen may reasonably consider that Irish influence in the British Parliament is a great mitigator of British hostility to things with which Ireland sympathizes; that a Pro-Catholic element in the House of Commons, which no English Government can venture to despise, helps to prevent the whole power of Great Britain from being in the hands of the Anti-Catholic element still so strong in England and Scotland. If there is any party in Great Britain which would not have cause to regret the separation of Ireland, it is the fanatical Protestant party. It may well be doubted if an independent Ireland could in any way give such effective support to any cause to which Ireland is attached, as by the forbearance and moderation which her presence in British councils imposes upon the power which would be likeliest, in case of conflict, to lead the van of the contrary side.

I see nothing that Ireland could gain by separation which might not be obtained by

union, except the satisfaction, which she is thought to prize, of being governed solely by Irishmen — that is, almost always by men with a strong party animosity against some part of her population: unless indeed the stronger party began its career of freedom by driving the whole of the weaker party beyond the seas. In return, Irishmen would be shut out from all positions in Great Britain, except those which can be held by foreigners. There would be no more Irish prime-ministers, Irish commanders-in-chief, Irish generals and admirals in the British army and fleet. Not in Britain only, but in all Britain's dependencies — in India and the Colonies, Irishmen would henceforth be on the footing of strangers. The loss would exceed the gain, not only by calculation, but in feeling. The first man in a small country would often gladly exchange positions with the fourth or fifth in a great one.

But why, it may be asked, cannot Ireland remain united with the British Crown by a mere personal tie, having the management of her own affairs, as Canada has, though a part of the same empire? Or, why may not Great Britain and Ireland be joined as Austria and Hungary are, each with its own separate administration and legislature, and an equal voice in the joint concerns of both? I answer: The former of these relations would be to Ireland a derogation, a descent from even her present position. She is now at least a part of the governing country. She has something to say in the general affairs of the empire. Canada is but a dependency, with a provincial government, allowed to make its own laws and impose its taxes, but subject to the veto of the mother-country, and not consulted at all about alliances or wars, in which it is nevertheless compelled to join. A union such as this can only exist as a temporary expedient, between countries which look forward to separation as soon as the weaker is able to stand alone, and which care not much how soon it comes. This mode of union, moreover, is still recent; it has stood no trials; it has not yet been exposed to the greatest trial — that of war. Let war come, by an act of the British Government in which Canada is not represented, and from a motive in which Canada is not concerned, and how long will Canada be content to share the burthens and the dangers? Even in home affairs, Ireland would not relish the position of Canada. The veto of the Crown is virtually that of the British Parliament; and though it might, as in the case of Canada, be discreetly confined to what were considered imperial questions, the

decision what questions were imperial would rest with the country in whose councils Ireland would no longer have a voice. It is very improbable that the veto would stop at things which, in the opinion of the subordinate country, were proper subjects for it. Canada is a great way off, and British rulers can tolerate much in a place from which they are not afraid that the contagion may spread to England. But Ireland is marked out for union with England, if only by this, that nothing important can take place in the one without making its effects felt in the other. If the British Parliament could sufficiently shake off its prejudices to use the veto on Irish legislation rightly, it could shake them off sufficiently to legislate for Ireland rightly, or to allow the Irish, as it already allows the Scotch members, to transact the business of their own country mainly by themselves.

These objections would not apply to an equal union, like that which has recently been agreed upon between Austria and Hungary. In that there is nothing humiliating to the pride of either country. But if the Canadian system has had but a short trial, the dual system of Austria and Hungary has had none. It has existed only a bare twelvemonth. Hungary, it is true, has been much longer attached by a personal bond to the reigning family of Austria, and Hungary had a Constitution, with some of the elements of freedom; but Austria had not. The difficulty of keeping two countries together without uniting them, begins with constitutional liberty. Countries very dissimilar in character, and even with some internal freedom, may be governed as England and Scotland were by the Stuarts, so long as the people have only certain limited rights, and the government of the two countries practically resides in a single will above them both. The difficulty arises when the unforced concurrence of both nations is required for the principal acts of their government. This relation, between Austria and Hungary, never existed till now. If an arrangement so untried and so unexampled be happily permanent—if it resist the chances of incurable difference of opinion on the subjects reserved for joint deliberation, foreign relations, finances, and war—its success will be owing to circumstances almost peculiar to the particular case, and which certainly do not exist between Great Britain and Ireland. In the first place, the two countries are nearly equal in military resources and prowess. They have fairly tried themselves against one another in

open war, and know that neither can conquer the other without foreign aid. In the next place, while each is equally formidable to the other, each stands in need of the other for its own safety; neither is sufficient to itself for maintaining its independence against powerful and encroaching neighbours. Lastly, they do not start with hostile feelings in the masses of either country towards the other. Hungary has not the wrongs of centuries to revenge; her direct injuries from Austria never reached the labouring classes, but were confined to portions of society whose conduct is directed more by political interest than by vindictive feeling. The reverse of all this is true between Great Britain and Ireland. The most favourable of all combinations of circumstances for the success and permanence of an equal alliance between independent nations under the same crown, exists between Hungary and Austria, the least favourable between England and Ireland. Nor let it be said that these reasons against an equal alliance are reasons *à fortiori* against union. The only one of them of which this could be said is the alienation of feeling, and this, if the real grounds of bitterness were removed, the close intercourse and community of interest engendered by union would more and more tend to heal: while the natural tendency of separation, either complete or only partial, would be to estrange the countries from each other more and more. It may be added, that the Hungarian population, which has so nobly achieved its independence, has been trained from of old in the management of the details of its affairs, and has shown, in very trying circumstances, a measure of the qualities which fit a people for self-government, greater than has yet been evinced by Continental nations in many other respects far more advanced. The democracy of Ireland, and those who are likely to be its first leaders, have, at all events, yet to prove their possession of qualities at all similar.

For these reasons it is my conviction that the separation of Ireland from Great Britain would be most undesirable for both, and that the attempt to hold them together by any form of federal union would be unsatisfactory while it lasted, and would end either in reconquest or in complete separation. But in however many respects Ireland might be a loser, she would be a gainer in one. Let separation be ever so complete a failure, one thing it would do: it would convert the peasant farmers into peasant proprietors: and this one thing would be

more than an equivalent for all that she would lose. The worst government that would give her this, would be more acceptable, and more deservedly acceptable, to the mass of the Irish people, than the best that withheld it; if goodness of any kind can be predicated of a Government that refuses the first and greatest benefit that can be conferred on such a country. This benefit, however, she can receive from the Government of the United Kingdom, if those who compose that government can be made to perceive that it is necessary and right. This duty once admitted and acted on, the difficulties of centuries in governing Ireland would disappear.

What the case requires is simply this. We have had commissions, under the authority of Parliament, to commute for an annual payment the burthen of tithe, and the variable obligations of copyholders. What is wanted in Ireland is a commission of a similar kind to examine every farm which is let to a tenant, and commute the present variable for a fixed rent. But this great undertaking must not drag its slow length through generations, like the work of those other commissions. The time is passed for a mere amicable mediation of the State between the landlord and the tenant. There must be compulsory powers, and a strictly judicial inquiry. It must be ascertained in each case, as promptly as is consistent with due investigation, what annual payment would be an equivalent to the landlord for the rent he now receives (provided that rent be not excessive) and for the present value of whatever prospect there may be of an increase, from any other source than the peasant's own exertions. This annual sum should be secured to the landlord, under the guarantee of the State. He should have the option of receiving it directly from the national treasury, by being inscribed as the owner of Consols sufficient to yield the amount. Those landlords who are the least useful in Ireland, and on the worst terms with their tenantry, would probably accept this opportunity of severing altogether their connexion with the Irish soil. Whether this was the case or not, every farm not farmed by the proprietor would become the permanent holding of the existing tenant, who would pay either to the landlord or to the State the fixed rent which had been decided upon; or less, if the income which it was thought just that the landlord should receive were more than the tenant could reasonably be required to pay. The benefit, to the cultivator, of a permanent property in the

soil, does not depend on paying nothing for it, but on the certainty that the payment cannot be increased; and it is not even desirable that, in the first instance, the payment should be less than a fair rent. If the land were let below its value, to this new kind of copyholder, he might be tempted to sublet it at a higher rent, and live on the difference, becoming a parasite supported in idleness on land which would still be farmed at a rackrent. He should therefore pay the full rent which was adjudged to the former proprietor, unless special circumstances made it unjust to require so much. * When such circumstances existed, the State must lose the difference; or if the Church property, after its resumption by the State, yielded a surplus beyond what is required for the secular education of the people, the remainder could not be better applied to the benefit of Ireland than in this manner.

We are told by many (I am sorry that Lord Stanley is one of them) that in a generation after such a change, the land of Ireland would be overcrowded by the growth of population, would be sublet and subdivided, and things would be as bad as before the famine. Just in the same manner we were told that after a generation or two of peasant proprietorship, the whole rural territory of France would be a pauper warren, and its inhabitants would be engaged in "dividing, by logarithms, infinitesimal inheritances." How have these predictions been fulfilled? The complaint now is that the population of France scarcely increases at all, and the rural population diminishes. And, in spite of the compulsory division of inheritances by the Code Civil, the reunions of small properties by marriage and inheritance fully balance the subdivisions. The obsolete school of English political economists, whom I may call the Tory school, because they were the friends of entail, primogeniture, high rents, great landed properties, and aristocratic institutions generally, predicted that peasant proprietorships would lead not only to excessive population, but to the wretchedest possible agriculture. What has the fact proved? I will not refer to the standard work on this subject, Mr. W. T. Thornton's "Plea for Peasant Proprietors," or to Mr. Kay's "Social Condition of the People in England and Europe," or to the

* This same provision meets the objection sometimes made, that the worst farmers at present are those who hold on long leases or in perpetuity. Such farmers would not long stand the test of being held strictly to payment of the full amount of what is now a fair rent. They would soon either change their habits or give place to others.

multitude of authorities cited in my own Political Economy, or to the more recent careful and thoughtful researches of M. Emile de Laveigne. I will quote from M. Léonce de Laveigne, at present the stock authority of the opponents of small landed properties. What says M. de Laveigne in his latest production, an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 1st of December last? "As a general rule, the lands held in small properties are twice as productive as the others, so that if this element were to fail us, our agricultural produce would be considerably diminished." Those who still believe that small peasant properties are either detrimental to agriculture or conducive to overpopulation, are discredibly behind the state of knowledge on the subject. There is no condition of landed property which excites such intense exertions for its improvement, as that in which all that can be added to the produce belongs to him who produces it. Nor does any condition afford so strong a motive against overpopulation; because it is much more obvious how many mouths can be supported by a piece of land, than how many hands can find employment in the general labour market. The danger of subletting is equally visionary. In the first place, subletting might be prohibited; but on the plan I propose there is no necessity for prohibiting it. If the holder, by his labour or outlay, adds to the value of the farm, he is well entitled to sublet it if he pleases. If its value augments from any other cause than his exertions, it will generally be from the increased prosperity of the country, which will be a proof that the new system is successful, and that he may sublet without inconvenience. Only one precaution is necessary. For years, perhaps for generations, he should not be allowed to let the land by competition, or for a variable rent. His lessee must acquire it as he himself did, on a permanent tenure, at an unchangeable rent, fixed by public authority; that the substituted, like the original, holder may have the full interest of a proprietor in making the most of the soil.

All prognostics of failure drawn from the state of things preceding the famine are simply futile. The farmer, previous to the famine, was not proprietor of his bit of land; he was a cottier, at a nominal rent, puffed up by competition to a height far above what could, even under the most favourable circumstances, be paid, and the effect of which was that whether he gained much or little, beyond the daily potatoes of which his family could not be deprived, all was swept off for arrears of rent. Alone of all

working people, the Irish cottier neither gained anything by industry and frugality, nor lost anything by idleness and reckless multiplication. That because he was not industrious and frugal without a motive, he will not be industrious and frugal when he has the strongest motive, is not a very plausible excuse for refusing him the chance. There is also another great change in his circumstances since the famine: the bridge to America has been built. If a population should grow up on the small estates more numerous than their produce can comfortably support, what is to prevent that surplus population from going the way of the millions who have already found in another continent the field for their labour which was not open to them at home? And the new emigrants, there would then be reason to hope, would not, as now, depart in bitterness, nor return in enmity.

The difficulty of governing Ireland lies entirely in our own minds: it is an incapability of understanding. When able to understand what justice requires, liberal Englishmen do not refuse to do it. They understood the injustice of the political disabilities of Catholics, and they removed them. They understand the injustice of endowing an alien Church, and they have made up their minds that the endowment shall no longer continue. Foreign nations and posterity will judge England's capacity for government, by the ability she now shows to overcome the difficulty of seeing what justice requires in the matter of Irish landed tenure. To her it is a difficulty. Other nations see no difficulty in it. To the Prussian Conservative, Von Raumer, and the French Liberal, Gustave de Beaumont, it was already, thirty years ago, the most obvious thing in the world. It will seem so to future generations. Posterity will hardly be just to the men of our time. The superstitions of landlordism once cast off, it will be difficult to imagine what real and deep-rooted superstitions they once were, and how much of the best moral and even intellectual attributes was compatible with them. But not the less is he in whom any principle or feeling has become a superstition, convulsively clung to where the reasons fail, unfit to have the power of imposing his superstition on people who do not share it. If we cannot distinguish the essentials from the accidents of landed property; if it is and must remain to us the Ark of the Covenant, which must neither be touched nor looked into, for however indispensable a need, it is our duty to retire from a country where a modification of the constitution of landed

property is the primary necessity of social life. It may be that there is not wisdom or courage in English statesmen to look the idol in the face. We may be put off with some insignificant attempt to give tenants the hope of compensation for "unexhausted improvements" — something which, ten years, or even two years ago, would have been valuable as a pledge of good will, a sign of just purposes, and a ground of hope that more would be done when experience had proved this to be insufficient; but which would not even then have been accepted as payment in full, and is now scarcely worth offering as an instalment. Even this, if proposed, ought to be voted for in preference to nothing. If a debtor acknowledges only sixpence when he owes a pound, he should be allowed to pay that sixpence; but let us not for a moment intermit the demand, that the remaining balance be paid up before the otherwise inevitable hour of bankruptcy arrives.

For let no one suppose that while this question remains as it is, the sum of all other things that could be done for Ireland would at all alleviate our difficulties there. Abundance of other things, indeed, require to be done. There are not only the religious endowments to be resumed, but their proceeds have to be applied, in the most effectual way possible, to the promotion of Irish improvement. The Church lands and tithes, augmented by the Maynooth endowment and the *regium donum*, would be more than enough, with the sums already appropriated to the purpose, to afford a complete unsectarian education to the entire people, including primary schools, middle schools, high schools and universities, each grade to be open free of cost to the pupils who had most distinguished themselves in the grade below it. The administration of local justice, of local finance, and other local affairs, requires the hand of the reformer even more urgently than in England. Such minor matters as, though of small account in themselves, would help to conciliate Irish feeling, ought not to be neglected. Those are not wrong who have urged that, with parity of qualifications, Irishmen (when not partisans) should have the preference for Irish appointments; and there is no good reason why the heir to the throne should not, during part of every year, reside and hold a Court at Dublin. Those purely material improvements to which voluntary enterprise is not adequate, should, with due consideration and proper precau-

tions, receive help from the State. The possible consolidation of Irish railways under State management, or under a single company by concession from the State, is already engaging the attention of our public men; and advances for drainage, and other improvements on a large scale, are, in a country so poor and backward as Ireland, economically admissible: only not on the plan hitherto adopted, of lending to the landlords, that the entire benefit of the improvement may accrue to their rents. It is scarcely credible that a large extension of such advances has within the last few weeks been publicly propounded as a remedy for Fenianism and all other Irish ills, and that a bill for that purpose, promoted by the Government, is actually before Parliament. We have heard of people who would have cried fire during the Deluge: these people, if they had lived at the time of the Deluge, would have proposed to stop it by turning on a little more water.

But none of these things — not even the cashiering of the Irish Protestant Church — nor all these things taken together, could avail to stop the progress of Irish disaffection, because not one of them comes near its real cause. Matters of affronted feeling, and of minor or distant pecuniary interest, will occupy men's minds when the primary interests of subsistence and security have been cared for, and not before. Let our statesmen be assured that now, when the long deferred day of Fenianism has come, nothing which is not accepted by the Irish tenantry as a permanent solution of the land difficulty, will prevent Fenianism, or something equivalent to it, from being the standing torment of the English Government and people. If without removing this difficulty, we attempt to hold Ireland by force, it will be at the expense of all the character we possess as lovers and maintainers of free government, or respecters of any rights except our own; it will most dangerously aggravate all our chances of misunderstandings with any of the great powers of the world, culminating in war; we shall be in a state of open revolt against the universal conscience of Europe and Christendom, and more and more against our own. And we shall in the end be shamed, or, if not shamed, coerced, into releasing Ireland from the connexion; or we shall avert the necessity only by conceding with the worst grace, and when it will not prevent some generations of ill blood, that which if done at present may still be in time permanently to reconcile the two countries.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EVENING BELOW AND ABOVE STAIRS.

It was not very willingly that Mr. Cutbill left the drawing-room, where he had been performing a violoncello accompaniment to one of the young ladies in the execution of something very Mendelssohnian and profoundly puzzling to the uninitiated in harmonics. After the peerage, he loved counter-point; and it was really hard to tear himself away from passages of almost piercing shrillness, or those more still suggestive moanings of a double bass, to talk stock and share list with Colonel Bramleigh in the library. Resisting all the assurances that "papa wouldn't mind it; that any other time would do quite as well," and such like, he went up to his room for his books and papers, and then repaired to his rendezvous.

"I'm sorry to take you away from the drawing-room, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, as he entered, "but I am half expecting a summons to town, and could not exactly be sure of an opportunity to talk over this matter on which Lord Culduff is very urgent to have my opinion."

"It is not easy, I confess, to tear oneself away from such society. Your daughters are charming musicians, colonel. Miss Bramleigh's style is as brilliant as Meyer's; and Miss Eleanor has a delicacy of touch I have never heard surpassed."

"This is very flattering, coming from so consummate a judge as yourself."

"All the teaching in the world will not impart that sensitive organization which sends some tones into the heart like the drip, drip of water on a heated brow. Oh, dear! music is too much for me; it totally subverts all my sentiments. I'm not fit for business after it, Colonel Bramleigh, that's the fact."

"Take a glass of that 'Bra Mouton.' You will find it good. It has been eight-and-thirty years in my cellar, and I never think of bringing it out except for a connoisseur in wine."

"Nectar, positively nectar," said he, smacking his lips. "You are quite right not to give this to the public. They would drink it like a mere full-bodied Bordeaux. That velvety softness,—that subdued strength, faintly recalling Burgundy, and that delicious bouquet, would all be clean thrown away on most people. I declare, I believe a refined palate is just as rare as a correct ear; don't you think so?"

"I'm glad you like the wine. Don't

spare it. The cellar is not far off. Now then, let us see. These papers contain Mr. Stebbing's report. I have only glanced my eye over it, but it seems like every other report. They have, I think, a stereotyped formula for these things. They all set out with their bit of geological learning; but you know, Mr. Cutbill, far better than I can tell you, you know sandstone doesn't always mean coal?"

"If it doesn't, it ought to," said Cutbill, with a laugh, for the wine made him jolly, and familiar besides.

"There are many things in this world which ought to be, but which, unhappily, are not," said Bramleigh, in a tone evidently meant to be half-reproachful. "And as I have already observed to you, mere geological formation is not sufficient. We want the mineral, sir; we want the fact."

"There you have it; there it is for you," said Cutbill, pointing to a somewhat bulky parcel in brown paper in the centre of the table.

"This is not real coal, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, as he tore open the covering, and exposed a black mis-shapen lump. "You would not call this real coal?"

"I'd not call it Swansea nor Cardiff, colonel, any more than I'd say the claret we had after dinner to-day was 'Mouton;' but still I'd call each of them very good in their way."

"I return you my thanks, sir, in the name of my wine-merchant. But to come to the coal question,—what could you do with this?"

"What could I do with it? Scores of things,—if I had only enough of it. Burn it in grates—cook with it—smelt metals with it—burn lime with it—drive engines, not locomotives but stationaries, with it. I tell you what, Colonel Bramleigh," said he, with the air of a man who was asserting what he would not suffer to be gainsayed. "It's coal, quite enough to start a company on; coal within the meaning of the Act, as the lawyers would say."

"You appear to have rather loose notions of joint-stock enterprises, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, haughtily.

"I must say, colonel, they do not invariably inspire me with sentiments of absolute veneration."

"I hope, however, you feel, sir, that in any enterprise—in any undertaking—where my name is to stand forth, either as promoter or abettor, that the world is to see in such a guarantee, the assurance of solvency and stability."

"That is precisely what made me think

of you: precisely what led me to say to Cudloff, 'Bramleigh is the man to carry the scheme out.'

Now the familiarity that spoke of Cudloff thus unceremoniously in great part reconciled Bramleigh to hear his own name treated in like fashion, all the more that it was in a quotation; but still he winced under the cool impertinence of the man, and grieved to think how far his own priceless wine had contributed towards it. The colonel therefore merely bowed his acknowledgment and was silent.

"I'll be frank with you," said Cutbill, emptying the last of the decanter into his glass as he spoke. "I'll be frank with you. We've got coal; whether it be much or little, there it is. As to quality, as I said before, it isn't Cardiff. It won't set the Thames on fire, any more than the noble lord that owns it; but coal it is, and it will burn as coal — and yield gas as coal — and make coke as coal, and who wants more? As to working it himself, Cudloff might just as soon pretend he'd pay the National Debt. He is over head and ears already; — he has been in bondage with the children of Israel this many a day, and if he wasn't a peer he could not show; — but that's neither here nor there. To set the concern a-going, we must either have a loan or a company. I'm for a company."

"You are for a company," reiterated Bramleigh, slowly, as he fixed his eyes calmly but steadily on him.

"Yes, I'm for a company. With a company, Bramleigh," said he, as he tossed off the last glass of wine, "there's always more of P.E."

"Of what?"

"Of P. E. — Preliminary Expenses! There's a commission to inquire into this, and a deputation to investigate that. No men on earth dine like deputations. I never knew what dining was till I was named on a deputation. It was on sewerage. And didn't the champagne flow! There was a viaduct to be constructed to lead into the Thames, and I never think of that viaduct without the taste of turtle in my mouth, and a genial feeling of milk-punch all over me. The assurance officers say that there was scarcely such a thing known as a gout premium in the City till the joint-stock companies came in; now they have them every day."

"Revenons à nos moutons, as the French say, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, gravely.

"If it's a pun you mean, and that we're to have another bottle of the same, I second the motion."

Bramleigh gave a sickly smile as he rang the bell; but neither the jest nor the jester much pleased him.

"Bring another bottle of 'Mouton,' Drayton, and fresh glasses," said he, as the butler appeared.

"I'll keep mine, it is warm and mellow," said Cutbill. "The only fault with that last bottle was the slight chill on it."

"You have been frank with me, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, as soon as the servant withdrew, "and I will be no less so with you. I have retired from the world of business, — I have quitted the active sphere where I have passed some thirty odd years, and have surrendered ambition, either of money-making, or place, or rank, and come over here with one single desire, one single wish, — I want to see what's to be done for Ireland."

Cutbill lifted his glass to his lips, but scarcely in time to hide the smile of incredulous drollery which curled them, and which the other's quick glance detected.

"There is nothing to sneer at, sir, in what I said, and I will repeat my words. I want to see what's to be done for Ireland."

"It's very laudable in you, there can be no doubt," said Cutbill, gravely.

"I am well aware of the peril incurred by addressing to men like yourself, Mr. Cutbill, any opinions — any sentiments — which savour of disinterestedness or — or —"

"Poetry," suggested Cutbill.

"No, sir; patriotism was the word I sought for. And it is not by any means necessary that a man should be an Irishman to care for Ireland. I think, sir, there is nothing in that sentiment at least, which will move your ridicule."

"Quite the reverse. I have drunk 'Prosperity to Ireland' at public dinners for twenty years; and in very good liquor too, occasionally."

"I am happy to address a gentleman so graciously disposed to listen to me," said Bramleigh, whose face was now crimson with anger. "There is only one thing more to be wished for, — that he would join some amount of trustfulness to his politeness; with that he would be perfect."

"Here goes then for perfection," cried Cutbill, gaily. "I'm ready from this time to believe any thing you tell me."

"Sir, I will not draw largely on the fund you so generously place at my disposal. I will simply ask you to believe me a man of honour."

"Only that? No more than that?"

"No more, I pledge you my word."

"My dear Bramleigh, your return for the income-tax is enough to prove that. Nothing short of high integrity ever possessed as good a fortune as yours."

"You are speaking of my fortune, Mr. Cutbill, not my character."

"Ain't they the same? Ain't they one and the same? Show me your dividends, and I will show you your disposition — that's as true as the Bible."

"I will not follow you into this nice inquiry. I will simply return to where I started from, and repeat, I want to do something for Ireland."

"Do it, in God's name; and I hope you'll like it when it's done. I have known some half-dozen men in my time who had the same sort of ambition. One of them tried a cotton-mill on the Liffey, and they burned him down. Another went in for patent fuel, and they shot his steward. A third tried Galway marble, and they shot himself. But after all there's more honour where there's more danger. What, may I ask, is your little game for Ireland?"

"I begin to suspect that a better time for business, Mr. Cutbill, might be an hour after breakfast. Shall we adjourn till to-morrow morning?"

"I am completely at your orders. For my own part, I never felt clearer in my life than I do this minute. I'm ready to go into coal with you, from the time of sinking the shaft to riddling the slack, my little calculations are all made. I could address a board of managing directors here as I sit; and say, what for dividend, what for repairs, what for a reserved fund, and what for the small robberies."

The unparalleled coolness of the man had now pushed Bramleigh's patience to its last limit; but a latent fear of what such a fellow might be in his enmity, restrained him and compelled him to be cautious.

"What sum do you think the project will require, Mr. Cutbill?"

"I think about eighty thousand; but I'd say one hundred and fifty — it's always more respectable. Small investments are seldom liked; and then the margin — the margin is broader."

"Yes, certainly; the margin is much broader."

"Fifty-pound shares, with a call of five every three months, will start us. The chief thing is to begin with a large hand." Here he made a wide sweep of his arm.

"For coal like that yonder," said Bramleigh, pointing to the specimen, "you'd not get ten shillings the ton."

"Fifteen — fifteen. I'd make it the test of a man's patriotism to use it. I'd get the Viceroy to burn it, and the Chief Secretary, and the Archbishop, and Father Cullen. I'd heat St. Patrick's with it, and the National Schools. There could be no disguise about it; like the native whisky, it would be known by the smell of the smoke."

"You have drawn up some sort of prospectus?"

"Some sort of prospectus! I think I have. There's a document there on the table might go before the House of Commons this minute; and the short and the long of it is, Bramleigh" — here he crossed his arms on the table, and dropped his voice to a tone of great confidence — "it is a good thing — a right good thing. There's coal there, of one kind or other, for five-and-twenty years, perhaps more. The real, I may say, the only difficulty of the whole scheme will be to keep old Cuduff from running off with all the profits. As soon as the money comes rolling in, he'll set off shelling it out; he's just as wasteful as he was thirty years ago."

"That will be impossible when a company is once regularly formed."

"I know that. I know that; but men of his stamp say, 'We know nothing about trade. We haven't been bred up to office-stools and big ledgers; and when we want money, we get it how we can.'"

"We can't prevent him selling out or mortgaging his shares. You mean, in short, that he should not be on the direction?" added he.

"That's it; that's exactly it," said Cutbill, joyously.

"Will he like that? Will he submit to it?"

"He'll like whatever promises to put him most speedily into funds; he'll submit to whatever threatens to stop the supplies. Don't you know these men better than I do, who pass lives of absenteeism from this country; how little they care how or whence money comes, provided they get it. They neither know, nor want to know, about good or bad seasons, whether harvests are fine, or trade profitable; their one question is, 'Can you answer my draft at thirty-one days?'"

"Ah, yes; there is too much, far too much, of what you say in the world," said Bramleigh, sighing.

"These are not the men who want to do something for Ireland," said the other, quizzically.

"Sir, it may save us both some time and

temper if I tell you I have never been 'chaffed.'

"That sounds to me like a man saying, I have never been out in the rain; but as it is so, there's no more to be said."

"Nothing, sir. Positively nothing on that head."

"Nor indeed on any other. Men in my line of life couldn't get on without it. Chaff lubricates business just the way grease oils machinery. There would be too much friction in life without chaff, Bramleigh."

"I look upon it as directly the opposite. I regard it as I would a pebble getting amongst the wheels, and causing jar and disturbance, sir."

"Well, then," said Cutbill, emptying the last drop into his glass, "I take it I need not go over all the details you will find in those papers. There are plans, and specifications, and estimates, and computations, showing what we mean to do, and how; and as I really could add nothing to the report, I suppose I may wish you a good night."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Cutbill, if my inability to be jocular should deprive me of the pleasure of your society, but there are still many points on which I desire to be informed."

"It's all there. If you were to bray me in a mortar you couldn't get more out of me than you'll find in those papers; and whether it's the heat of the room, or the wine, or the subject, but I am awfully sleepy," and he backed this assurance with a hearty yawn.

"Well, sir, I must submit to your dictation. I will try and master these details before I go to bed, and we'll take some favourable moment to-morrow to talk them over."

"That's said like a sensible man," said Cutbill, clapping him familiarly on the shoulder, and steadying himself the while; for as he stood up to go, he found that the wine had been stronger than he suspected. "When we see a little more of each other, said he, in the oracular tone of a man who had drunk too much; when we see a little more of each other, 'we'll get on famously. You know the world, and I know the world. You have had your dealings with men, and I have had my dealings with men, and we know what's what. Ain't I right, Bramleigh?"

"I have no doubt there is much truth in what you say."

"Truth, truth, it's true as gospel. There's only one thing, however, to be settled between us. Each must make his little con-

cession with reci-procity — reci-procity, ain't it?"

"Quite so; but I don't see your meaning." "Here it is then, Bramleigh; here's what I mean. If we're to march together we must start fair. No man is to have more baggage than his neighbour. If I'm to give up chaff, do you see, you must give up humbug? If I'm not to have my bit of fun, old boy, you're not to come over me about doing something for Ireland, that's all," and with this he lounged out, banging the door after him as he went.

Mr. Cutbill, as he went to his room, had a certain vague suspicion that he had drunk more wine than was strictly necessary, and that the liquor was not impossibly stronger than he had suspected. He felt, too, in the same vague way, that there had been a passage of arms between his host and himself, but as to what it was about, and who was the victor, he had not the shadow of a conception.

Neither did his ordinary remedy of pouring the contents of his water-jug over his head aid him on this occasion. "I'm not a bit sleepy; nonsense," muttered he, "so I'll go and see what they are doing in the smoking-room." Here he found the three young men of the house in that semi-thoughtful dreariness which is supposed to be the captivity of tobacco; as if the mass of young Englishmen needed anything to deepen the habitual gloom of their natures, or thicken the sluggish apathy that follows them into all inactivity.

"How jolly," cried Cutbill, as he entered. "I'll be shot if I believed as I came up the stairs that there was any one here. You haven't even got brandy and seltzer."

"If you touch that bell, they'll bring it," said Augustus, languidly.

"Some Moselle for me," said Temple, as the servant entered.

"I'm glad you've come, Cutty," cried Jack; "as old Kemp used to say, anything is better than a dead calm, even a mutiny."

"What an infernal old hurdy-gurdy. Why haven't you a decent piano here, if you have one at all?" said Cutbill, as he ran his hands over the keys of a discordant old instrument that actually shook on its legs as he struck the cords.

"I suspect it was mere accident brought it here," said Augustus. "It was invalidated out of the girls' schoolroom, and sent up here to be got rid of."

"Sing us something, Cutty," said Jack; "it will be a real boon at this moment."

"I'll sing like a grove of nightingales for

you, when I have wet my lips; but I am parched in the mouth, like a Cape parrot. I've had two hours of your governor below stairs. Very dry work, I promise you."

"Did he offer you nothing to drink?" asked Jack:

"Yes, we had two bottles of very tidy claret. He called it 'Mouton.'"

"By Jove!" said Augustus, "you must have been high in the governor's favour to be treated to his 'Bra Mouton.'"

"We had a round with the gloves, nevertheless," said Cutbill, "and exchanged some ugly blows. I don't exactly know about what or how it begun, or even how it ended; but I know there was a black eye somewhere. He's passionate rather."

"He has the spirit that should animate every gentleman," said Temple.

"That's exactly what I have. I'll stand anything, I don't care what, if it be fun. Say it's a 'joke,' and you'll never see me show bad temper; but if any fellow tries it on with me because he fancies himself a swell, or has a handle to his name, he'll soon discover his mistake. Old Cudluff began that way. You'd laugh if you saw how he floundered out of the swamp afterwards."

"Tell us about it, Cutty," said Jack encouragingly.

"I beg to say I should prefer not hearing anything which might, even by inference, reflect on a person holding Lord Cudluff's position in my profession," said Temple haughtily.

"Is that the quarter the wind's in?" asked Cutbill, with a not very sober expression in his face.

"Sing us a song, Cutty. It will be better than all this sparring," said Jack.

"What shall it be?" said Cutbill, seating himself at the piano, and running over the keys with no small skill. "Shall I describe my journey to Ireland?"

"By all means let's hear it," said Augustus.

"I forget how it goes. Indeed, some verses I was making on the curate's sister have driven the others out of my head." Jack drew nigh, and leaning over his shoulder, whispered something in his ear.

"What!" cried Cutbill, starting up; "he says he'll pitch me neck and crop out of the window."

"Not unless you deserve it—add that," said Jack sternly.

"I must have an apology for those words, sir. I shall insist on your recalling them, and expressing your sincere regret for having ever used them."

"So you shall, Cutty. I completely forgot that this tower was ninety feet high; but I'll pitch you downstairs, which will do as well."

There was a terrible gleam of earnestness in Jack's eye as he spoke this laughingly, which appalled Cutbill far more than any bluster, and he stammered out, "Let us have no practical jokes; they're bad taste. You'd be a great fool, admiral"—this was a familiarity he occasionally used with Jack—"you'd be a great fool to quarrel with me. I can do more with the fellows at Somerset House than most men going; and when the day comes that they'll give you a command, and you'll want twelve or fifteen hundred to set you afloat, Tom Cutbill is not the worst man to know in the City. Not to say, that if things go right down here, I could help you to something very snug in our mine. Won't we come out strong then, eh?" Here he rattled over the keys once more; and after humming to himself for a second or two, burst out with a rattling, merry air, to which he sung,—

With crests on our harness and breechin,
In a carriage and four we shall roll,
With a splendid French cook in the kitchen,
If we only succeed to find coal,

Coal!

If we only are sure to find coal.

"A barcarole, I declare," said Lord Cudluff, entering. "It was a good inspiration led me up here."

A jolly roar of laughter at his mistake welcomed him; and Cutty, with an aside, cried out, "He's deaf as a post," and continued,—

If we marry, we'll marry a beauty,
If single, we'll try and control
Our tastes within limits of duty,
And make ourselves jolly wit' coal,
Coal!
And make ourselves jolly with coal.

They may talk of the mines of Golconda,
Or the shafts of Puebla del Sol;
But to fill a man's pocket, I wonder,
If there's anything equal to coal,
Coal!
If there's anything equal to coal.

At Naples we'll live on Chiaja,
With our schooner-yacht close to the Mole,
And make daily picknicks to Baja,
If we only come down upon coal,
Coal!
If we only come down upon coal.

"One of the fishermen's songs," said Lord Culduff, as he beat time on the table. "I've passed many a night on the Bay of Naples listening to them."

And a wild tumultuous laugh now convulsed the company, and Cutbill, himself overwhelmed by the absurdity, rushed to the door, and made his escape without waiting for more.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE COTTAGE.

JULIA L'ESTRANGE was busily engaged in arranging some flowers in certain vases in her little drawing-room, and, with a taste all her own, draping a small hanging lamp with creepers, when Jack Bramleigh appeared at the open window, and leaning on the sill, cried out, "Good morning."

"I came over to scold you, Julia," said he. "It was very cruel of you to desert us last evening, and we had a most dreary time of it in consequence."

"Come round and hold this chair for me, and don't talk nonsense."

"And what are all these fine preparations for? You are decking out your room as if for a village fête," said he, not moving from his place nor heeding her request.

"I fancy that young Frenchman who was here last night," said she, saucily, "would have responded to my invitation if I had asked him to hold the chair I was standing on."

"I've no doubt of it," said he, gravely. "Frenchmen are vastly more gallant than we are."

"Do you know, Jack," said she, again "he is most amusing?"

"Very probably."

"And has such a perfect accent; that sort of purring French one only hears from a Parisian."

"I am charmed to hear it."

"It charmed me to hear it, I assure you. One does so long for the sounds that recall bright scenes and pleasant people; one has such a zest for the most commonplace things that bring back the memory of very happy days."

"What a lucky Frenchman to do all this!"

"What a lucky Irish girl to have met with him," said she gaily.

"And how did you come to know him, may I ask?"

"George had been several times over to inquire after him, and out of gratitude

Count Pracontal, — I'm not sure that he is count though, but it is of no moment, — made it a point to come here the first day he was able to drive out. Mr. Longworth drove him over in his pony carriage, and George was so pleased with them both that he asked them to tea last evening, and they dine here to-day."

"Hence these decorations?"

"Precisely."

"What a brilliant neighbourhood we have! And there are people will tell you that this is all barbarism here."

"Come over this evening, Jack, and hear M. Pracontal sing, — he has a delicious tenor voice, — and you'll never believe in that story of barbarism again. We had quite a little *salon* last night."

"I must take your word for his attractive qualities," said Jack, as his brow contracted and his face grew darker. "I thought your brother rather stood aloof from Mr. Longworth. I was scarcely prepared to hear of his inviting him here."

"So he did; but he found him so different from what he expected, — so quiet, so well-bred, that George, who always is in a hurry to make an amend when he thinks he has wronged any one, actually rushed into acquaintance with him at once."

"And his sister Julia," asked Jack, with a look of impertinent irony, "was she too as impulsive in her friendship?"

"I think pretty much the same."

"It must have been a charming party."

"I flatter myself it was. They stayed till midnight; and M. Pracontal declared he'd break his other leg to-morrow if it would ensure him another such evening in his convalescence."

"Fulsome rascal! I protest it lowers my opinion of women altogether when I think these are the fellows that always meet their favour."

"Women would be very ungrateful if they did not like the people who try to please them. Now certainly, as a rule, Jack, you will admit foreigners are somewhat more eager about this than you gentlemen of England."

"I have heard about as much of this as I am likely to bear well from my distinguished stepmother," said he roughly, "so don't push my patience further."

"What do you say to our little *salon* now?" said she. "Have you ever seen ferns and variegated ivy disposed more tastefully?"

"I wish — I wish" — he stammered out, and then seemed unable to go on.

"And what do you wish?"

"I suppose I must not say it. You might feel offended besides."

"Not a bit, Jack. I am sure it never could be your intention to offend me, and a mere blunder could not do so."

"Well, I'll go round and tell you what it is I wish," and with this he entered the house and passed on into the drawing-room, and taking his place at one side of the fire, while she stood at the other, said seriously, "I was wishing, Julia, that you were less of a coquette."

"You don't mean that?" said she roughly, dropping her long eyelashes, as she looked down immediately after.

"I mean it very gravely, Julia. It is your one fault; but it is an immense one."

"My dear Jack," said she, very gravely, "you men are such churls that you are never grateful for any attempts to please you except they be limited strictly to yourselves. You would never have dared to call any little devices, by which I sought to amuse or interest you, coquetry, so long as they were only employed on your own behalf. My real offence is that I thought the world consisted of you and some others."

"I am not your match in these sort of subtle discussions," said he, bluntly, "but I know what I say is fact."

"That I'm a coquette?" said she, with so much feigned horror that Jack could scarcely keep down the temptation to laugh.

"Just so; for the mere pleasure of displaying some grace or some attraction, you'd half kill a fellow with jealousy, or drive him clean mad with uncertainty. You insist on admiration — or what you call 'homage,' which I trust is only a French name for it, — and what's the end of it all? You get plenty of this same homage; but — but — never mind. I suppose I'm a fool to talk this way. You're laughing at me, besides, all this while. I see it — I see it in your eyes."

"I wasn't laughing, Jack, I assure you. I was simply thinking that this discovery — I mean of my coquetry — wasn't yours a all. Come, be frank and own it. Who told you I was a coquette, Jack?"

"You regard me as too dull-witted to have found it out, do you?"

"No, Jack. Too honest-hearted — too unsuspecting, too generous, to put an ill-construction where a better one would do as well."

"If you mean that there are others who agree with me, you're quite right."

"And who may they be?" asked she, with a quiet smile. "Come, I have a right to know."

"I don't see the right."

"Certainly I have. It would be very ungenerous and very unjust to let me continue to exercise all those pleasing devices you have just stigmatized for the delectation of people who condemn them."

"Oh, you couldn't help that. You'd do it just to amuse yourself, as I'm sure was the case yesterday, when you put forth all your captivations for that stupid old viscount."

"Did I?"

"Did you? You have the face to ask it?"

"I have, Jack. I have courage for even more. For I will ask you, was it not Marion said this? Was it not Marion who was so severe on all my little gracefulnesses? Well, you need not answer if you don't like. I'll not press my question; but own, it is not fair for Marion, with every advantage, her beauty, and her surroundings" —

"Her what?"

"Well, I would not use a French word; but I meant to say, those accessories which are represented by dress, and 'toilette,' — not mean things in female estimation. With all these, why not have a little mercy for the poor curate's sister, reduced to enter the lists with very uncouth weapons?"

"You won't deny that Ellen loves you?" said he, suddenly.

"I'd be sorry, very sorry, to doubt it; but she never said I was a coquette?"

"I'm sure she knows you are," said he, doggedly.

"Oh, Jack, I hope this is not the way you try people on court-martial?"

"It's the fairest way ever a fellow was tried; and if one doesn't feel him guilty he'd never condemn him."

"I'd rather people would feel less, and thing a little more, if I was to be 'the accused,'" said she half pettishly.

"You got that, Master Jack; that round shot was for *you*," said he, not without some irritation in his tone.

"Well," said she good-humouredly, "I believe we are firing into each other this morning, and I declare I cannot see for what."

"I'll tell you, Julia. You grew very cross with me, because I accused you of being a coquette, a charge you'd have thought pretty lightly of, if you hadn't known it was deserved."

"Might there not have been another reason for the crossness, supposing it to have existed?" said she quietly.

"I cannot imagine one; at least, I can't imagine what reason you point at."

"Simply this," said she, half carelessly, "that it could have been no part of your duty to have told me so."

"You mean that it was a great liberty on my part — an unwarrantable liberty?"

"Something like it."

"That the terms which existed between us" — and now he spoke with a tremulous voice, and a look of much agitation — "could not have warranted my daring to point out a fault, even in your manner; for I am sure, after all, your nature had nothing to do with it?"

She nodded, and was silent.

"That's pretty plain, anyhow," said he, moving towards the table, where he had placed his hat. "It's a sharp lesson to give a fellow though, all the more when he was unprepared for it."

"You forget that the first sharp lesson came from you."

"All true; there's no denying it." He took up his hat as she spoke, and moved, half awkwardly, towards the window. "I had a message for you from the girls, if I could only remember it. Do you happen to guess what it was about?"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly as a negative, and was silent.

"I'll be shot if I can think what it was," muttered he; "the chances are, however, it was to ask you to do something or other, and as, in your present temper, that would be hopeless, it matters little that I have forgotten it."

She made no answer to this speech, but quietly occupied herself arranging a braid of her hair that had just fallen down.

"Miss L'Estrange!" said he, in a haughty and somewhat bold tone.

"Mr. Bramleigh," replied she, turning and facing him with perfect gravity, though her tremulous lip and sparkling eye showed what the effort to seem serious cost her.

"If you will condescend to be real, to be natural, for about a minute and a half, it may save us, or at least one of us, a world of trouble and unhappiness."

"It's not a very courteous supposition of yours that implies I am unreal or unnatural," said she, calmly; "but no matter, go on; say what you desire to say, and you shall find me pretty attentive."

"What I want to say is this, then," said he, approaching where she stood, and leaning one arm on the chimney close to where her own arm was resting; "I wanted to tell — no, I wanted to ask you, if the old relations between us are to be considered as by-gone? — if I am to go away from this to-day, believing that all I have ever said to you,

all that you heard — for you *did* hear me, Julia?" —

"Julia!" repeated she, in mock amazement. "What liberty is this, sir?" and she almost laughed out as she spoke.

"I knew well how it would be," said he angrily. "There is a heartless levity in your nature that nothing represses. I asked you to be serious for one brief instant."

"And you shall find that I can," said she quickly. "If I have not been more so hitherto, it has been in mercy to yourself."

"In mercy to me? To me! What do you mean?"

"Simply this. You came here to give me a lesson this morning. But it was at your sister's suggestion. It was her criticism that prompted you to the task. I read it all. I saw how ill-prepared you were. You have mistaken some things, forgotten others; and, in fact, you showed me that you were far more anxious I should exculpate myself than that you yourself should be the victor. It was for this reason that I was really annoyed — seriously annoyed, at what you said to me; and I called in what you are so polite as to style my 'levity' to help me through my difficulty. Now, however, you have made me serious enough; and it is in this mood I say, Don't charge yourself another time with such a mission. Reprove whatever you like, but let it come from yourself. Don't think lightheartedness — I'll not say levity — bad in morals, because it may be bad in taste. There's a lesson for you, sir." And she held out her hand as if in reconciliation.

"But you haven't answered my question, Julia," said he, tremulously.

"And what was your question?"

"I asked you if the past — if all that had taken place between us — was to be now forgotten?"

"I declare here is George," said she, bounding towards the window and opening it. "What a splendid fish, George! Did you take it yourself?"

"Yes, and he cost me the top joint of my rod; and I'd have lost him after all if Lafferty had not waded out and landed him. I'm between two minds, Julia, whether I'll send him up to the Bramleighs."

She put her finger to her lip to impose caution, and said, "The admiral" — the nickname by which Jack was known — "is here."

"All right," replied L'Estrange. "We'll try and keep him for dinner, and eat the fish at home." He entered as he spoke.

"Where's Jack? Didn't you say he was here?"

"So he was when I spoke. He must have slipped away without my seeing it. He is really gone."

"I hear he is gazetted; appointed to some ship on a foreign station. Did he tell you of it?"

"Not a word. Indeed, he had little time, for we did nothing but squabble since he came in."

"It was Harding told me. He said that Jack did not seem overjoyed at his good luck; and declared that he was not quite sure he would accept it."

"Indeed," said she, thoughtfully.

"That's not the only news. Colonel Bramleigh was summoned to town by a telegram this morning, but what about I didn't hear. If Harding knew — and I'm not sure that he did — he was too discreet to tell. But I'm not at the end of my tidings. It seems they have discovered coal on Lord Cudluff's estate, and a great share company is going to be formed, and untold wealth to be distributed amongst the subscribers."

"I wonder why Jack did not tell me he was going away?" said she.

"Perhaps he does not intend to go; perhaps the colonel has gone up to try and get something better for him; perhaps" —

"Any perhaps will do, George," said she, like one willing to change the theme. "What do you say to my decorations? Have you no compliments to make me on my exquisite taste?"

"Harding certainly thinks well of it," said he, not heeding her question.

"Thinks well of what, George?"

"He's a shrewd fellow," continued he; "and if he deems the investment good enough to venture his own money in, I suspect, Ju, we might risk ours."

"I wish you would tell me what you are talking about; for all this is a perfect riddle to me."

"It's about vesting your two thousand pounds, Julia, which now return about seventy pounds a year, in the coal speculation. That's what I am thinking of. Harding says, that taking a very low estimate of the success, there ought to be a profit on the shares of fifteen per cent. In fact, he said he wouldn't go into it himself for less."

"Why, George, why did he say this? Is there anything wrong or immoral about coal?"

"Try and be serious for one moment, Ju," said he, with a slight touch of irritation in his voice. "What Harding evidently meant was, that a speculative enterprise was not to be deemed good if it yield-

ed less. These shrewd men, I believe, never lay out their money without large profit."

"And, my dear George, why come and consult me about these things? Can you imagine more hopeless ignorance than mine must be on all such questions?"

"You can understand that a sum of money yielding three hundred a year is more profitably employed than when it only returned seventy."

"Yes; I think my intelligence can rise to that height."

"And you can estimate, also, what increase of comfort we should have if our present income were to be more than doubled, — which it would be in this way?"

"I'd deem it positive affluence, George."

"That's all I want you to comprehend."

The next question is to get Vickers to consent; he is the surviving trustee, and you'll have to write to him, Ju. It will come better from you than me, and say — what you can say with a safe conscience — that we are miserably poor, and that, though we pinch and save in every way we can, there's no reaching the end of the year without a deficit in the budget."

"I used that unlucky phrase once before, George, and he replied, 'Why don't you cut down the estimates?'"

"I know he did. The old curmudgeon meant I should sell Nora, and he has a son, a gentleman commoner at Cambridge, that spends more in wine-parties than our whole income."

"But it's his own, George. It is not our money he is wasting."

"Of course it is not; but does that exempt him from all comment? Not that it matters to us, however," added he, in a lighter tone. "Sit down, and try what you can do with the old fellow. You used to be a great pet of his once on a time."

"Yes, he went so far as to say that if I had even twenty thousand pounds, he didn't know a girl he'd rather have for a daughter-in-law."

"He didn't tell you that, Ju?" said L'Estrange, growing almost purple with shame and rage together.

"I pledge you my word he said it."

"And what did you say? What did you do?"

"I wiped my eyes with my handkerchief, and told him it was for the first time in my life I felt the misery of being poor."

"And I wager that you burst out laughing."

"I did, George. I laughed till my sides ached. I laughed till he rushed out of the

room in a fit of passion, and I declare, I don't think he ever spoke ten words to me after."

"This gives me scant hope of your chance of success with him."

"I don't know, George. All this happened ten months ago, when he came down here for the snipe-shooting. He may have forgiven, or, better still, forgotten it. In any case, tell me exactly what I'm to write, and I'll see what I can do with him."

"You're to say that your brother has just heard from a person, in whom he places the most perfect confidence, say Harding, in short — Colonel Bramleigh's agent — that an enterprise which will shortly be opened here offers an admirable opportunity of investment, and that as your small fortune in Consols" —

"In what?"

"No matter. Say that as your two thousand pounds, — which now yield an interest of seventy, could secure you an income fully four times that sum, you hope he will give his consent to withdraw the money from the Funds, and employ it in this speculation. I'd not say speculation, I'd call it mine at once — coal-mine."

"But if I own this money why must I ask Mr. Vickers' leave to make use of it as I please?"

"He is your trustee, and the law gives him this power. Ju, till you are nineteen, which you will not be till May next."

"He'll scarcely be disagreeable, when his opposition must end in five months."

"That's what I think too, but before that five months run over the share list may be filled, and these debentures be probably double the present price."

"I'm not sure I understand your reasoning, but I'll go and write my letter, and you shall see if I have said all that you wished."

CHAPTER XIV.

OFFICIAL CONFIDENCES.

LORD CULDUFF accompanied Colonel Bramleigh to town. He wanted a renewal of his leave, and deemed it better to see the head of the department in person than to address a formal demand to the office. Colonel Bramleigh, too, thought that his lordship's presence might be useful when the day of action had arrived respecting the share company — a Lord in the City having as palpable a weight as the most favourable news that ever sent up the Funds.

When they reached London they separ-

ated, Bramleigh taking up his quarters in the Burlington, while Lord Culduff — on pretence of running down to some noble duke's villa near Richmond — snugly installed himself in a very modest lodging off St. James's Street, where a former valet acted as his cook and landlord, and on days of dining out assisted at the wonderful toilet, whose success was alike the marvel and the envy of Culduff's contemporaries.

Though a man of several clubs, his lordship's favourite haunt was a small unimposing-looking house close to St. James's Square, called the "Plenipo." Its members were all diplomatists, nothing below the head of a mission being eligible for ballot. A masonic mystery pervaded all the doings of that austere temple, whose dinners were reported to be exquisite, and whose cellar had such a fame that "Plenipo Lafitte" had a European reputation.

Now, veteran asylums have many things recommendatory about them, but from Greenwich and the Invalides downwards there is one especial vice that clings to them — they are haunts of everlasting complaint. The men who frequent them all belong to the past, their sympathies, their associations, their triumphs and successes, all pertain to the bygone. Harping eternally over the frivolity, the emptiness, and sometimes the vulgarity of the present, they urge each other on to most exaggerated notions of the time when they were young, and a deprecatory estimate of the world then around them.

It is not alone that the days of good dinners and good conversation have passed away, but even good manners have gone, and, more strangely too, good looks. "I protest you don't see such women now" — one of these bewigged and rouged old debauchees would say, as he gazed at the slow procession moving on to a drawing-room, and his compeers would concur with him, and wonderingly declare that the thing was inexplicable.

In the sombre-looking breakfast-room of this austere temple, Lord Culduff sat reading *The Times*. A mild soft rain was falling without; the water dripping tepid and dirty through the heavy canopy of a London fog; and a large coal fire blazed within, — that fierce furnace which seems so congenial to English taste; not impossible because it recalls the factory and the smelting-house — the "sacred fire" that seems to inspire patriotism by the suggestion of industry.

Two or three others sat at tables through the room, all so wonderfully alike in dress, feature, and general appearance, that they

almost seemed reproductions of the same figure by a series of mirrors; but they were priests of the same "caste," whose forms of thought and expression were precisely the same, — and thus as they dropped their scant remarks on the topics of the day, there was not an observation or a phrase of one that might not have fallen from any of the others.

"So," cried one, "they're going to send the Grand Cross to the Duke of Hochmar- inghen. That will be a special mission. I wonder who'll get it?"

"Cloudesley, I'd say," observed another; "he's always on the watch for anything that comes into the 'extraordinaries.'"

"It will not be Cloudesley," said a third. "He stayed away a year and eight months when they sent him to Tripoli, and there was a rare jaw about it for the estimates."

"Hochmar- inghen is near Baden, and not a bad place for the summer," said Culduff. "The duchess, I think, was daughter of the Margravine."

"Niece, not daughter," said a stern-look- ing man, who never turned his eyes from his newspaper.

"Niece or daughter, it matters little which," said Culduff, irritated at correction on such a point.

"I protest I'd rather take a turn in South Africa," cried another, "than accept one of those missions to Central Germany."

"You're right, Upton," said a voice from the end of the room, "the cookery is in- sufferable."

"And the hours. You retire to bed at ten."

"And the ceremonial. Blounte never threw off the lumbago he got from bowing at the court of Bratensdorf."

"They're ignoble sort of things, at the best, and should never be imposed on diplo- matic men. These investitures should al- ways be entrusted to court functionaries," said Culduff, haughtily. "If I were at the head of F. O. I'd refuse to charge one of the 'line' with such a mission."

And now something that almost verged on an animated discussion ensued as to what was and what was not the real province of diplomacy; a majority inclining to the opinion that it was derogatory to the high dignity of the calling to meddle with what, at best, was the function of the mere courtier.

"Is that Culduff driving away in that cab?" cried one, as he stood at the win- dow.

"He has carried away my hat, I see, by

mistake," said another. "What is he up to at this hour of the morning?"

"I think I can guess," said the grim indi- vidual who had corrected him in the matter of genealogy; "he's off to F. O., to ask for the special mission he has just declared that none of us should stoop to accept."

"You've hit it, Grindesley," cried an- other. "I'll wager a pony you're right."

"It's so like him."

"After all, it's the sort of thing he's best up to. La Ferronaye told me he was the best master of the ceremonies in Europe."

"Why come amongst us all, then? Why not get himself made a gold-stick, and follow the instincts of his genius?"

"Well, I believe he wants it badly," said one who affected a tone of half kindness. "They tell me he has not eight hundred a year left him."

"Not four. I doubt if he could lay claim to three."

"He never had in his best day above four or five thousand, though he tells you of his twenty-seven or twenty-eight."

"He had originally about six; but he always lived at the rate of twelve or fifteen, and in mere ostentation too."

"So I've always heard." And then there followed a number of little anecdotes of Culduff's selfishness, his avarice, his meanness, and such like, told with such exactitude as to show that every act of these men's lives was scrupulously watched, and when occasion offered mercilessly re- corded.

While they thus sat in judgment over him, Lord Culduff himself was seated at a fire in a dingy old room in Downing Street, the Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs opposite him. They were talking in a tone of easy familiarity, as men might who occu- pied the same social station, a certain air of superiority, however, being always ap- parent in the manner of the minister towards the subordinate.

"I don't think you can ask this, Culduff," said the great man, as he puffed his cigar tranquilly in front of him. "You've had three of these special missions already."

"And for the simple reason that I was the one man in England who knew how to do them."

"We don't dispute the way you did them; we only say all the prizes in the wheel should not fall to the same man."

"You have had my proxy for the last five years."

"And we have acknowledged the sup- port — acknowledged it by more than pro- fessions."

"I can only say this, that if I had been with the other side, I'd have met somewhat different treatment."

"Don't believe it, Culduff. Every party that is in power inherits its share of obligations. We have never disowned those we owe to you."

"And why am I refused this, then?"

"If you wanted other reasons than those I have given you, I might be able to adduce them—not willingly indeed, but under pressure, and especially in strict confidence."

"Reasons against my having the mission?"

"Reasons against your having the mission."

"You amaze me, my lord. I almost doubt that I have heard you aright. I must, however, insist on your explaining yourself. Am I to understand that there are personal grounds of unfitness?"

The other bowed in assent.

"Have the kindness to let me know them."

"First of all, Culduff, this is to be a family mission—the duchess is a connection of our own royal house—and a certain degree of display and consequent expense will be required. Your fortune does not admit of this."

"Push on to the more cogent reason, my lord," said Culduff, stiffly.

"Here, then, is the more cogent reason. The court has not forgotten—what possibly the world may have forgotten—some of those passages in your life for which you, perhaps, have no other remorse than that they are not likely to recur; and as you have given no hostages for good behaviour, in the shape of a wife, the court, I say, is sure to veto your appointment. You see it all as clearly as I do."

"So far as I do see," said Culduff, slowly, "the first objection is my want of fortune, the second, my want of a wife?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, my lord, I am able to meet each of these obstacles; my agent has just discovered coal on one of my best estates, and I am now in town to make arrangements on a large scale to develop the source of wealth. As to the second disability, I shall pledge myself to present the Viscountess Culduff at the next drawing-room."

"Married already?"

"No, but I may be within a few weeks. In fact, I mean to place myself in such a position, that no one holding your office can pass me over by a pretext, or affect to

ignore my claim by affirming that I labour under a disability."

"This sounds like menace, does it not?" said the other as he threw his cigar impatiently from him.

"A mere protocol, my lord, to denote intention."

"Well, I'll submit your name. I'll go further,—I'll support it. Don't leave town for a day or two. Call on Beadlesworth and see Repsley; tell him what you've said to me. If you could promise it was one of his old maiden sisters that you thought of making Lady Culduff, the thing could be clenched at once,—but I take it, you have other views?"

"I have other views," said he gravely.

"I'm not indiscreet, and I shall not ask you more on that head. By the way, isn't your leave up, or nearly up?"

"It expired on Wednesday last, and I want it renewed for two months."

"Of course, if we send you on this mission, you'll not want the leave? I had something else to say. What was it?"

"I have not the very vaguest idea."

"Oh! I remember. It was to recommend you not to take your wife from the stage. There's a strong prejudice in a certain quarter as to that,—in fact, I may say it couldn't be got over."

"I may relieve you of any apprehensions on that score. Indeed, I don't know what fact in my life should expose me to the mere suspicion."

"Nothing,—nothing,—except that impulsive generosity of your disposition, which might lead you to do what other men would stop short to count the cost of."

"It would never lead me to derogate, my lord," said he proudly as he took his hat, and bowing haughtily left the room.

"The greatest ass in the whole career, and the word is a bold one," said the Minister as the door closed. "Meanwhile, I must send in his name for this mission, which he is fully equal to. What a happy arrangement it is, that in an age when our flunkies aspire to be gentlemen, there are gentlemen who ask nothing better than to be flunkies!"

CHAPTER XV.

WITH HIS LAWYER.

THOUGH Colonel Bramleigh's visit to town was supposed to be in furtherance of that speculation by which Lord Culduff calculated on wealth and splendour, he had really another object, and while Culduff im-

igned him to be busy in the City, and deep in shares and stock lists, he was closely closeted with his lawyer, and earnestly poring over a mass of time-worn letters and documents, carefully noting down dates, docketing, and annotating, in a way that showed what importance he attached to the task before him.

"I tell you what, Sedley," said he, as he threw his pen disdainfully from him, and lay back in his chair, "the whole of this move is a party dodge. It is part and parcel of that vile persecution with which the Tory faction pursued me during my late canvass. You remember their vulgar allusions to my father the brewer, and their coarse jest about my frothy oratory? This attack is but the second act of the same drama."

"I don't think so," mildly rejoined the other party. "Conflicts are sharp enough while the struggle lasts; but they rarely carry their bitterness beyond the day of battle."

"That is an agent's view of the matter," said Bramleigh, with asperity. "The agent always persists in believing the whole thing a sham fight; but though men do talk a great deal of rot and humbug about their principles on the hustings, their personal feelings are just as real, just as acute, and occasionally just as painful, as on any occasion in their lives; and I repeat to you, the trumped-up claim of this foreigner is neither more nor less than a piece of party malignity."

"I cannot agree with you. The correspondence we have just been looking at shows how upwards of forty years ago the same pretensions were put forward, and a man calling himself Montague-Evelyn Bramleigh declared he was the rightful heir to your estates."

"A rightful heir whose claims could be always compromised by a ten-pound note was scarcely very dangerous."

"Why make any compromise at all if the fellow was clearly an impostor?"

"For the very reason that you yourself now counsel a similar course: to avoid the scandal of a public trial. To escape all those insolent comments which a party press is certain to pass on a political opponent."

"That could scarcely have been apprehended from the Bramleigh I speak of, who was clearly poor, illiterate, and friendless; whereas the present man has, from some source or other, funds to engage eminent counsel and retain one of the first men at the bar."

"I protest, Sedley, you puzzle me," said Bramleigh, with an angry sparkle in his eye. "A few moments back you treated all this pretension as a mere pretext for extorting money, and now you talk of this fellow and his claim, as subjects that may one day be matter for the decision of a jury. Can you reconcile two views so diametrically opposite?"

"I think I can. It is at law as in war. The feint may be carried on to a real attack whenever the position assailed be possessed of an over-confidence or but ill-defended. It might be easy enough, perhaps, to deal with this man. Let him have some small success, however; let him gain a verdict, for instance, in one of those petty suits for ejectment, and his case at once becomes formidable."

"All this," said Bramleigh, "proceeds on the assumption that there is something in the fellow's claim?"

"Unquestionably."

"I declare," said Bramleigh, rising and pacing the room, "I have not temper for this discussion. My mind has not been disciplined to that degree of refinement that I can accept a downright swindle as a demand founded on justice."

"Let us prove it a swindle, and there is an end of it."

"And will you tell me, sir," said he passionately, "that every gentleman holds his estates on the condition that the title may be contested by any impostor who can dupe people into advancing money to set the law in motion?"

"When such proceedings are fraudulent a very heavy punishment awaits them."

"And what punishment of the knave equals the penalty inflicted on the honest man in exposure, shame, insolent remarks, and worse than even these, a contemptuous pity for that reverse of fortune which newspaper writers always announce as an inevitable consummation?"

"These are all hard things to bear, but I don't suspect they ever deterred any man from holding an estate."

The half jocular tone of his remark rather jarred on Bramleigh's sensibilities, and he continued to walk the room in silence; at last, stopping short, he wheeled round and said, —

"Do you adhere to your former opinion; would you try a compromise?"

"I would. The man has a case quite good enough to interest a speculative lawyer, — good enough to go before a jury, — good enough for everything, but success. One half what the defence would cost you

will probably satisfy his expectations, not to speak of all you will spare yourself in unpleasantness and exposure."

"It is a hard thing to stoop to," said Bramleigh, painfully.

"It need not be, at least not to the extent you imagine; and when you throw your eye over your lawyer's bill of costs, the phrase 'incidental expenses' will spare your feelings any more distinct reference to this transaction."

"A most considerate attention. And now for the practical part. Who is this man's lawyer?"

"A most respectable practitioner, Kelson, of Temple Court. A personal friend of my own."

"And what terms would you propose?"

"I'd offer five thousand, and be prepared to go to eight, possibly to ten."

"To silence a mere menace."

"Exactly. It's a mere menace to-day, but six months hence it may be something more formidable. It is a curious case, cleverly contrived and ingeniously put together. I don't say that we couldn't smash it; such carpentry always has a chink or an open somewhere. Meanwhile the scandal is spreading over not only England, but over the world, and no matter how favourable the ultimate issue, there will always remain in men's minds the recollection that the right to your estate was contested and that you had to defend your possession."

"I had always thought till now," said Bramleigh, slowly, "that the legal mind attached very little importance to the flying scandals that amuse society. You appear to accord them weight and influence."

"I am not less a man of the world because I am a lawyer, Colonel Bramleigh," said the other, half tartly.

"If this must be done, the sooner it be over the better. A man of high station—a peer—is at this moment paying such attention to one of my daughters that I may expect at any moment, to-day perhaps, to receive a formal proposal for her hand. I do not suspect that the threat of an unknown claimant to my property would disturb his lordship's faith in my security or my station, but the sensitive dislike of men of his class to all publicity that does not redound to honour or distinction,—the repugnance to whatever draws attention to them for aught but court favour or advancement,—might well be supposed to have its influence with him, and I think it would be better to spare him,—to spare us, too,—this exposure."

"I'll attend to it immediately. Kelson

hinted to me that the claimant was now in England."

"I was not aware of that."

"Yes, he is over here now, and I gather, too, has contrived to interest some people in his pretensions."

"Does he affect the station of a gentleman?"

"Thoroughly; he is, I am told, well-mannered, prepossessing in appearance, and presentable in every respect."

"Let us ask him over to Castello, Sedley," said Bramleigh, laughing.

"I've known of worse strategy," said the lawyer, drily.

"What! are you actually serious?"

"I say that such a move might not be the worst step to an amicable settlement. In admitting the assailant to see all the worth and value of the fortress, it would also show him the resources for defence, and he might readily compute what poor chances were his against such odds."

"Still, I doubt if I could bring myself to consent to it. There is a positive indignity in making any concession to such a palpable imposture."

"Not palpable till proven. The most unlikely cases have now and then pushed some of our ablest men to upset. Attack can always choose its own time, its own ground, and is master of almost every condition of the combat."

"I declare, Sedley, if this man had retained your services to make a good bargain for him, he could scarcely have selected a more able agent."

"You could not more highly compliment the zeal I am exercising in your service."

"Well, I take it I must leave the whole thing in your hands. I shall not prolong my stay in town. I wanted to do something in the City, but I find these late crashes in the banks have spread such terror and apprehension, that nobody will advance a guinea on anything. There is an admirable opening just now,—coal."

"In Egypt?"

"No, in Ireland."

"Ah, in Ireland? That's very different. You surely cannot expect capital will take that channel?"

"You are an admirable lawyer, Sedley. I am told London has not your equal as a special pleader, but let me tell you you are not either a projector or a politician. I am both, and I declare to you that this country which you deride and distrust is the California of Great Britain. Write to me at your earliest; finish this business, if you can, out

of hand, and if you make good terms for me I'll send you some shares in an enterprise — an Irish enterprise — which will pay you a better dividend than some of your East county railroads."

"Have you changed the name of your place? Your son, Mr. John Bramleigh, writes 'Bishop's Folly' at the top of his letter."

"It is called Castello, sir. I am not responsible for the silly caprices of a sailor."

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

LORD CULDUFF and Colonel Bramleigh spoke little to each other as they journeyed back to Ireland. Each fell back upon the theme personally interesting to him, and cared not to impart it to his neighbour. They were not like men who had so long travelled the same road in life that by a dropping word, a whole train of associations can be conjured up, and familiar scenes and people be passed in review before the mind.

A few curt sentences uttered by Bramleigh told how matters stood in the City — money was "tight" being the text of all he said; but of that financial sensitiveness that shrinks timidly from all enterprise after a period of crash and bankruptcy Cuduff could make nothing. In his own craft nobody dreaded the fire because his neighbour's child was burned, and he could not see why capitalists should not learn something from diplomacy.

Nor was Colonel Bramleigh, on his side, much better able to follow the subject which had interest for his companion. The rise and fall of kingdoms, the varying fortunes of States, impressed themselves upon the City man by the condition of financial credit they implied, and a mere glance at the price of a foreign loan conveyed to his appreciation a more correct notion of a people than all the Blue Books and all the correspondence with plenipotentiaries.

These were not Cuduff's views. His code — it is the code of all his calling — was: No country of any pretensions, no more than any gentleman of blood and family, ever became bankrupt. Pressed, hard-pushed, he would say, Yes! we all of us have had our difficulties, and to surmount them occasionally we are driven to make unprofitable bargains, but we "rub through," and so will Greece and Spain and those other countries where they are borrowing at twelve or twenty per

cent, and raise a loan each year to discharge the dividends.

Not only then were these two men little gifted with qualities to render them companionable to each other, but from the totally different way every event and every circumstance presented itself to their minds, each grew to conceive for the other a sort of depreciatory estimate as of one who only could see a very small part of any subject, and even that coloured and tinted by the hues of his own daily calling.

"So, then," said Cuduff, after listening to a somewhat lengthy explanation from Bramleigh of why and how it was that there was nothing to be done financially at the moment, "so, then, I am to gather the plan of a company to work the mines is out of the question?"

"I would rather call it deferred than abandoned," was the cautious reply.

"In my career what we postpone we generally prohibit. And what other course is open to us?"

"We can wait, my lord, we can wait. Coal is not like indigo or tobacco; it is not a question of hours — whether the crop be saved or ruined. We can wait."

"Very true, sir; but I cannot wait. There are some urgent calls upon me just now, the men who are pressing which will not be so complaisant as to wait either."

"I was always under the impression, my lord, that your position as a peer, and the nature of the services that you were engaged in, were sufficient to relieve you from all the embarrassment that attach to humbler men in difficulties?"

"They don't arrest, but they dun us, sir; and they dun with an insistence and an amount of menace, too, that middle-class people can form no conception of. They besiege the departments we serve under with their vulgar complaints, and if the rumour gets abroad that one of us is about to be advanced to a governorship or an embassy, they assemble in Downing Street like a Reform demonstration. I declare to you I had to make my way through a lane of creditors from the Privy Council Office to the private entrance to F. O., my hands full of their confounded accounts, — one fellow, a boot-maker, actually having pinned his bill to the skirt of my coat as I went. And the worst of these impertinences is that they give a Minister who is indisposed towards you a handle for refusing your just claims. I have just come through such an ordeal: I have been told that my debts are to be a bar to my promotion."

The almost tremulous horror which he

gave to this last expression — as of an outrage unknown to mankind — warned Bramleigh to be silent.

"I perceive that you do not find it easy to believe this, but I pledge my word to you it is true. It is not forty-eight hours since a Secretary of State assumed to make my personal liabilities — the things which, if any things are a man's own, are certainly so — to make these an objection to my taking a mission of importance. I believe he was sorry for his indiscretion; I have reason to suppose that it was a blunder he will not readily repeat."

"And you obtained your appointment?" asked Bramleigh.

"Minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Hochmaringhen," said Cudluff, with a slow and pompous enunciation.

Bramleigh, pardonably ignorant of the geography of the important State alluded to, merely bowed in acknowledgment. "Is there much — much to do at one of these courts?" asked he diffidently, after a pause.

"In one sense there is a great deal. In Germany the action of the greater cabinets is always to be discovered in the intrigues of the small dukedoms, just as you gather the temper of the huntsman from the way he lashes the hounds. You may, therefore, send a 'cretin,' if you like, to Berlin or Vienna; you want a man of tact and address at Sigmaringen or Klien-Esel-Stadt. They begin to see that here at home, but it took them years to arrive at it."

Whether Bramleigh was confounded by the depth of this remark, or annoyed by the man who made it, he relapsed into a dreamy silence that soon passed into sleep, into which state the illustrious diplomatist followed, and thus was the journey made till the tall towers of Castello came into view, and they found themselves rapidly careering along with four posters towards the grand entrance. The tidings of their coming soon reached the drawing-room, and the hall was filled by the young members of the family to welcome them. "Remember," said Bramleigh, "we had nothing but a light luncheon since morning. Come and join us, if you like, in the dining-room, but let us have some dinner as soon as may be."

It is not pleasant, perhaps, to be talked to while eating by persons quite unemployed by the pleasures of the table; but there is a sort of free and easy at such times not wholly uncondusive to agreeable intercourse, and many little cares and attentions, impossible and unmeaning in the more formal habits of the table, are now graceful

adjuncts to the incident. Thus was it that Marion contrived by some slight service or other to indicate to Lord Cudluff that he was an honoured guest; and when she filled his glass with champagne, and poured a little into her own to pledge him, the great man felt a sense of triumph that warmed the whole of that region where, anatomically, his heart was situated. While the others around were engaged in general conversation, she led him to talk of his journey to town, and what he had done there; and he told her somewhat proudly of the high mission about to be entrusted to him, not omitting to speak of the haughty tone he had used towards the Minister and the spirit he had evinced in asserting his just claims. "We had what threatened at one time to be a stormy interview. When a man like myself has to recall the list of his services, the case may well be considered imminent. He pushed me to this, and I accepted his challenge. I told him, if I am not rich, it is because I have spent my fortune in maintaining the dignity of the high stations I have filled. The breaches in my fortune are all honourable wounds. He next objected to what I could not but admit as a more valid barrier to my claims. Can you guess it?"

She shook her head in dissent. It could not be his rank, or anything that bore upon his rank. Was it possible that official prudery had been shocked by the noble lord's social derelictions? Had the scandal of that old elopement survived to tarnish his fame and injure his success? and she blushed as she thought of the theme to which he invited her approach.

"I see you do divine it," said he, smiling courteously.

"I suspect not," said she diffidently, and still blushing deeper.

"It would be a great boon to me, — a most encouraging assurance," said he in a low and earnest voice, "if I could believe that your interest in me went so far as actually to read the story and anticipate the catastrophe of my life. Tell me then, I entreat you, that you know what I allude to."

She hesitated. "Was it possible," thought she, "that he wished me to admit that my opinion of him was not prejudiced by this 'escapade' of thirty years ago? Is he asking me to own that I am tolerant towards such offences?" His age, his tone generally, his essentially foreign breeding, made this very possible. Her perplexity was great, and her confusion increased with every minute.

At this critical moment there was a general move to go into the drawing-room, and

as he gave her his arm, Lord Culduff drew her gently towards him, and said in his most insinuating voice, "Let me hear my fate."

"I declare, my lord," said she hesitatingly, "I don't know what to say. Moralists and worldly people have two different measures for these things. I have no pretensions to claim a place with the former, and I rather shrink from accepting all the ideas of the latter. At all events I would suppose that after a certain lapse of time, when years have gone over, — profitably, — I would hope, — in fact, I mean, — in short I do not know what I mean."

"You mean, perhaps, that it is not at my time of life men take such a step with prudence. Is that it?" asked he, trying in vain to keep down the irritation that moved him.

"Well, my lord, I believe about the prudence there can scarcely be two opinions, whether a man be young or old. These things are wrong in themselves, and nothing can make them right."

"I protest I am unable to follow you," said he, tartly.

"All the better, my lord, if I be only leading you where you have no inclination to wander. I see Nelly wants me at the piano."

"And you prefer accompanying *her* to me?" said he reproachfully.

"At least, my lord, we shall be in harmony, which is scarcely our case here."

He sighed, almost theatrically, as he relinquished her arm, and retiring to a remote part of the room, affected to read a newspaper. Mr. Cutbill, however, soon drew a chair near, and engaged him in conversation.

"So Bramleigh has done nothing," whispered Cutbill, as he bent forward. "He did not, so far as I gather, even speak of the mine in the City."

"He said it was of no use; the time was unfavourable."

"Did you ever know it otherwise? Isn't it with that same cant of an unfavourable time, these men always add so much to the premium on every undertaking?"

"Sir, I am unable to answer your question. It is my first — I would I might be able to say, and my last — occasion to deal with this class of people."

"They're not a bad set, after all; only you must take them in the way they're used to — the way they understand."

"It is a language I have yet to learn, Mr. Cutbill."

"The sooner your lordship sets to work at it the better then."

Lord Culduff wheeled round in his chair, and stared with amazement at the man before him. He saw, however, the unmistakable signs of his having drunk freely, and his bloodshot eyes declared that the moment was not favourable for calm discussion.

"It would be as well perhaps to adjourn this conversation," said Culduff.

"I'm for business — anywhere and at any moment. I made one of the best hits I ever chanced upon after a smash on the Trent Valley line. There was Boulders, of the firm of Skale and Boulders Brothers, — had his shoulder dislocated and two of his front teeth knocked out. He was lying with a lot of scantling and barrel-staves over him, and he cried out, 'Is there any one there?' I said, 'Yes; Cutbill. Tom Cutbill, of Viceregal Terrace, St. John's Wood.'"

Lord Culduff's patience could stand no more, and he arose with a slight bow and moved haughtily away. Cutbill, however, was quickly at his side. "You must hear the rest of this; it was a matter of close on ten thousand pounds to me, and this is the way it came out" —

"I felicitate you heartily, sir, on your success, but beg I may be spared the story of it."

"You've heard worse. Egad, I'd not say you haven't told worse. It's not every fellow, I promise you, has his wits about him at a moment when people are shouting for help, and an express train standing on its head in a cutting, and a tender hanging over a viaduct."

"Sir, there are worse inflictions than even this."

"Eh, what?" said Cutbill, crossing his arms on his chest, and looking fully in the other's face; but Lord Culduff moved quietly on, and approaching a table where Ellen was seated, said, "I'm coming to beg for a cup of tea;" not a trace of excitement or irritation to be detected in his voice or manner. He loitered for a few moments at the table, talking lightly and pleasantly on indifferent subjects, and then moved carelessly away. Still he found himself near the door, when he made a precipitate escape and hurried up to his room.

It was his invariable custom to look at himself carefully in the glass whenever he came home at night. As a general might have examined the list of killed and wounded after an action, computing with

himself the cost of victory or defeat, so did this veteran warrior of a world's campaign go carefully over all the signs of wear and tear, the hard lines of pain or chequered colouring of agitation, which his last engagement might have inflicted.

As he sat down before his mirror now, he was actually shocked to see what ravages a single evening had produced. The circles around his eyes were deeply indented, the corners of his mouth drawn down so fixedly and firmly that all his attempts to conjure up a smile were failures, while a purple tint beneath his rouge totally destroyed that delicate colouring which was wont to impart the youthful look to his features.

The vulgar impertinence of Cutbill made but little impression upon him. An annoyance while it lasted, it still left nothing for memory that could not be dismissed with ease. It was Marion. It was what she had said that weighed so painfully on his heart, wounding where he was most intensely and delicately sensitive. She had told him—what had she told him? He tried to recall her exact words, but he could not. They were in reply to remarks of his own, and owed all their significance to the context. One thing she certainly had said,—that there were certain steps in life about which the world held but one opinion, and the allusion was to men marrying late in life; and then she added a remark as to the want of "sympathy"—or was it "harmony" she called it?—between them. How strange that he could not remember more exactly all that passed, he who, after his interviews with Ministers and great men, could go home and send off in an official despatch the whole dialogue of the audience. But why seek for the precise expressions she employed? The meaning should surely be enough for him, and that was—there was no denying it—that the disparity of their ages was a bar to his pretensions. "Had our ranks in life been alike, there might have been force in her observation; but she forgets that a coronet encircles a brow like a wreath of youth;" and he adjusted the curls of his wig as he spoke, and smiled at himself more successfully than he had done before.

"On the whole, perhaps it is better," said he, as he arose and walked the room. "A mésalliance can only be justified by great beauty or great wealth. One must do a consumedly rash thing, or a wonderfully sharp one, to come out well with the world. Forty thousand, and a good-looking girl—she isn't more,—would not satisfy the just expectations of society, which, with men like myself, are severely exacting."

He had met a repulse, he could not deny it, and the sense of pain it inflicted galled him to the quick. To be sure, the thing occurred in a remote, out-of-the-way spot, where there were no people to discover or retail the story. It was not as if it chanced in some cognate land of society, where such incidents get immediate currency and form the gossip of every coterie. Who was ever to hear of what passed in an Irish country-house? Marion herself indeed might write it,—she most probably would—but to whom? To some friend as little in the world as herself, and none knew better than Lord Cudluff of how few people the "world" was composed. It was a defeat, but a defeat that need never be gazetted. And after all, are not the worst things in all our reverses, the comments that are passed upon them? Are not the censures of our enemies and the condolences of our friends sometimes harder to bear than the misfortunes that have evoked them?

What Marion's manner towards him might be in future, was also a painful reflection. It would naturally be a triumphant incident in her life to have rejected such an offer. Would she be eager to parade this fact before the world? Would she try to let people know that she had refused him? This was possible. He felt that such a slight would tarnish the whole glory of his life, whose boast was to have done many things that were actually wicked, but not one that was merely weak.

The imminent matter was to get out of his present situation without defeat. To quit the field, but not as a beaten army; and revolving how this was to be done he sunk off to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LOW MEADOW.

THE two following days were very rainy, and I spent them indoors arranging my books and papers according to my own fashion. But on Saturday the weather was glorious.

I did not go out until afternoon, and then I made my way down the lane wherein stood the McCallum's wooden cottage. I found it empty. I could see the glimmer of a fire on the hearth, and a fine gray cat was seated on the window-sill, but the other inmates were evidently out. So I sauntered on.

I had not gone very far before I came to a gate. It led into a field where two cows and a donkey were feeding. It was a clear open meadow, lying full on the slope of the hill, and commanding a fine view of the valley and of my dear old Mallowe. I went in, and rambled about. I attempted a friendship with the cattle, fully believing myself quite alone in the open eye of heaven, when suddenly I caught sight of a man seated on a fallen tree, resting elbows on knees and hiding his face in his hands. It was Ewen McCallum.

I stood still. I feel an awe in the presence of speechless suffering, for, with all its agony, I know it very often sits close outside the golden gates of God's Paradise. In this case I could scarcely hope so. Yet anyhow there is royalty about anguish. I stood still; and it seemed as if a solemn silence dropped over the meadows.

He sat as if he would never stir, and I scarcely wished him to look up and find me watching him. So I went towards him with a brisk step, and when he raised his head I bade him a cheerful "good afternoon."

He responded and got up, gathering together a little cane and two books which lay near him on the grass. He intended to go away, and I was forced to devise an excuse to detain him.

"This is a fine prospect," I said. "Where does this field lead?"

"Into the road that goes to Mallowe," he answered.

"I suppose you leave work early on Saturday," I went on. "I hope your grandfather has not suffered from the wet weather."

"I believe he is very well," he replied.

I felt that our conversation was torture to him, and that he was merely enduring it by great effort of will. It was like holding

a wild animal, which only waits till our grasp relaxes, and then bounds away to its hiding-place, henceforth to be shyer than ever. I saw I should never get at him through the ordinary avenues of neighbourhood and friendliness. To such entrance his heart was closed. My only chance lay in a sudden attack on some unexpected corner.

"I should like to ask you a question," I said, and was almost frightened to hear my own words.

His face changed colour and his lips moved a little; yet there seemed a thaw in his manner as he answered, "Very well, sir."

"I hear something is said against you in the village. I have not heard what it is. Will you tell me?"

There was a long silence. We stood just beside the fallen tree. I could see some little boats on the silver breast of the distant Mallowe, and thin smoke wreaths rising from the house on its shore. I heard a church clock strike four. My companion stood motionless beside me, the outlines of his face clearly chiselled against the pale blue sky—a handsome face, full of passionate sensibility, from which the old look of fierce endurance had fallen like a mask. At last he spoke: "They say I am a murderer!"

I did not shudder at the dreadful word, and somehow there was no query in my voice as I turned to him and said, "But it is not true."

"No, it isn't," he answered; "but it might be better for—for the others—if it were!"

"No, no," I said, "the more the sin the greater the sorrow."

"Well, I don't know," he went on in a choking voice. "If it had been found true, and I had suffered for it, every one would have pitied them; but as it is, they are only blamed and scoffed at for taking my part."

"But you don't suppose they mind that?" I inquired.

"If they don't, I do," he said.

"Sit down again and tell me all about it," I said; "surely there must be some way out of this misery; tell it from the beginning, and take your own time over it," for I saw he was greatly excited.

We both sat down side by side on the fallen tree.

"It is a pity I was born," he said.

"Don't say that," I interrupted; "that might have saved your past, but it would also cost your future."

"My future!" he ejaculated, bitterly.

"Yes," I answered. "What do you call the future? If you measure it by the few fleeting years of mortality, you may as well style this field the world."

"I'm a living text for all the sermons in the neighbourhood," he broke out after a short silence. "There is not an idle reprobate in the place who does not set forth my ruin in excuse for not caring about his children's education. I'm quoted as an instance of the folly of parents trying to elevate their families above the station in which it pleased God to place them. Every one is sure I should have been a better man if I had not known how to write or read. They can't argue the subject, but they can point to me in illustration."

At this moment it struck me that the young man's whole manner was not that of a country labourer. I had not noticed it before, because my ordinary style of conversation is so homely that I need seldom lower it for the simplest comprehension.

"Then your father brought you up carefully?" I remarked.

"Yes, indeed he did," answered the youth; "and he would have been angry if any one had called us poor people, and I was sent to the best school he could find. But from the first there was something wrong in me. The schoolmaster did not like me, and I had not a friend among the boys. They knew who I was, and they did not care to receive me as an equal. When I discovered that, I turned it over in my mind, till I made out that according to their reckoning I was their superior; for however poor we were, I came of a nation the English could never subdue. They drove me to say so, and then they hated me, and I used to go to and fro with black bitter anger in my heart. Oh, what folly it all was! What folly!—if I'd known then what real trouble means—Nevertheless," he went on, "I liked school for the sake of learning, and I believe I got on pretty well. But when I was fourteen my father died, and somebody got me a place in the builder's counting-house at Mallow. The builder's son had been my schoolfellow, and the same week that I entered his father's shop he went to college. I suppose I envied him. I don't know how it came about, but I grew a very bad lad. There was something in me which would not be satisfied with my work and my home. Then Alice got a situation as lady's-maid, and grandfather went into lodgings, and there was nowhere for me to go of an evening. And yet it was

not that either, for whenever grandfather called to see me I made some excuse to get rid of him, and when Alice wrote to me I seldom answered her letters. One of the young men in my master's shop was a Londoner, and he seemed to have so much more life in him than the others that I made friends with him at once. I got so fond of him that he could persuade me to anything. I used to go with him to all the cricket-matches and regattas within reach. Those things are harmless enough if one goes to them in good company. But poor George was not good company. And so I went on from bad to worse."

"Until"—I remarked, to lead him on, for he paused.

"Oh, the story is just like a common report out of a dirty newspaper," he said, writhing.

"Never mind that," I said; "and we should not call such things common if we only realised what anguish they each bring to somebody."

"Well, I got in debt to George. He gambled, and often had plenty of money. Then we grew quarrelsome. One Saturday afternoon last summer twelvemonth we went together to a boat-race. He drank a good deal, and betted and lost. I tried to get him away, but he only became very angry, and used violent words about the money I owed him. At last we left the place together. He had lodgings up here, and I meant to see him home. But he got so aggravating that my temper was roused, and I left him, and returned towards the river. Just as I was passing the church I saw Alice riding in her mistress' carriage, and she looked from the window and recognised me. After taking a walk, I went back to my master's house and slept there; and on Sunday morning we heard that George was found drowned in the water in the Low Meadow."

He spoke these last words in a low, horrified tone. It was the first time he had told the story. I did not break silence, but waited till he resumed the narrative.

"I was arrested that evening," he went on, "and I own every thing was against me. I was last seen with the dead man, and we were heard to be on bad terms. One or two people swore to seeing us together on the road a good way from the river. One man, an ostler, knew the exact time when we passed his tavern. It was half-past four. From that house it would take about three-quarters of an hour to reach the Low Meadow. I did not re-enter my master's

house until half-past six, which allowed me full time to go the whole distance and return."

"But your sister had seen you in the interval," I remarked.

"Yes; and as she was driving past the church, she had happened to notice the time, and it was then about ten minutes to five. Her mistress remembered this, and also that Alice had nodded to some one on foot. That was all the evidence I could bring forward in my favour."

"Slender as it seems, it was sufficient," said I.

"It might have been if Alice were not my sister," he replied. "But every one is quite willing to believe that she swore falsely to save me."

"But her mistress partly corroborated her," I remarked.

"Not in the main point," he said. "The lady knew that my sister nodded to some one as they passed the church at ten minutes to five; but she did not see *who* it was. So the coroner gave a verdict of 'found drowned,' and I was discharged, because 'there was not evidence whereon a jury could convict.'"

"But didn't they take into consideration the poor man's intoxication?" I inquired.

"Yes; they consulted on the possibility of his slipping into the pool; but many swore that he was sober enough to take care of himself. I believe that was true."

"Then, what is your theory of his death?" I asked.

"That he was murdered, or, at least, that a struggle took place on the bank which ended in his falling into the water. There were footprints of two people up to a certain point where the ground was much trampled, and after that, there was only trace of one."

"It is very dreadful," I said; "and no one else has been arrested since your discharge?"

"No," he answered hopelessly. "Suspicion did not point at anybody but me, and so I must go through life as the murderer of the man who was my companion and destroyer. There is no appeal from suspicion!"

"Then you left your old service at Mal-lowe?" I asked.

"I was dismissed," he said, "and there was no chance of getting a similar situation. But I had been with my father a great deal when I was a boy, and so I am handy at any out-door work. But even that was not easy to get, till Mr. Herbert at the

Great Farm took me on as a kind of general hand."

"There, at least, is a blessing," I said; "that saves you from being a burden to your grandfather and Alice, and" —

"I wouldn't have lived upon them while there was a rope in the house or water in the river!" he interrupted in the old desperate tone.

"What! sooner than bear the weight of gratitude, you would plunge those who love you in despair?" I said. "I am sorry you are so selfish!"

He groaned aloud — "O, sir, have mercy on me. If you could only know how I feel!" —

"Ah, that is it," I said, laying my hand on his arm. "If I only could! But, my boy, God knows all about it, and He does not willingly afflict his poor children."

"But this false accusation — this wicked scandal — cannot come from God!" he exclaimed.

"He permits them — He does not wish them," I replied, recalling Ruth's remark. "No more did He wish a youth, the son of godly parents, to go with evil company, and fall into wicked ways. You must learn to pardon your neighbour's mistake. Your conduct has led them into this breach of charity. You have been to them an occasion of falling."

"And must the world always go on thus?" he cried.

"Remember, God over-rules all these troubles," I went on. "He saw you were proud and wilful, and He has been pleased to humble you, and to put your steps into straight and painful paths. He changes your neighbour's mistake into a merciful rod to correct you. You must not cry out at the rod, you must be thankful for it, and repent of the sins which brought it upon you."

"But the innocent suffer with the guilty," he said, raising his eyes. "They feel the rod as well as I do."

"That is part of your punishment," I answered. "But do not understand me that affliction follows sin as a judgment. God sends sorrow to draw us back to Him, or nearer to Him, as the case may be. The judgment of sin lies in our remorse for it, and our grief at consequences which we cannot undo. It is right you should smart to see the troubles of your dear ones; but yet those troubles may be a blessing to them."

He had buried his face in his hands, and I saw a tear trickle between his fingers.

"Your grandfather bears it very bravely," I said presently. "I daresay he thinks little of any sacrifice which serves to steady you."

"That's just what he says; but it's killing Alice," he answered, without looking up.

"You are killing Alice," I said firmly. "She cannot bear it because she sees you do not bear it cheerfully. Now, will you not candidly own that you often speak sharply to her?"

"Who told you so?" he asked in astonishment.

"My own knowledge of human nature," I answered: "when she comes near you, the sight of her recalls all the misery and bitterness, and doubtless you see she is whiter and thinner than she was two years ago. Then your heart rebels, and you ask yourself grievous questions which you are not able to answer, and meanwhile you forget the smile and the pleasant word which would send her away rejoicing. Next time she comes back whiter and thinner than ever, and the same weary work is done over again."

"But what am I to do?" he said, looking at me with eyes of such despair that I could hardly confront them.

"Humble yourself, and leave the past alone," I replied. "Remember that you have sinned, and forget that you have been sinned against. Draw your thoughts from your injuries to your errors."

He sat in silence for some minutes, then the church clock chimed five, and he arose, suddenly.

"Then you believe I am an innocent man, sir?" he said.

"I do, sincerely," said I.

"I'll try to do as you say, sir," he remarked presently.

"You must excuse my plain speaking," I said; "I don't often take folks by storm as I have taken you."

"I wasn't worth the trouble," said he.

"Don't forget you are worth a good deal to two or three people in the world," I answered, "and you'll set a value on yourself, some day soon."

He smiled sadly and shook his head, and so we parted, and I retraced my way alone.

I had plenty to think about, in this grim commonplace tragedy which had met me on the threshold of my retired life. I felt a warm interest in Ewen McCallum. He had passed through a dreadful trial, but I could see it was just the trial he needed. Think of his schoolboy pride in belonging to a nation which had never been subdued!

Ah, now he knows his own weakness, and one has to know that before one can be really strong.

Then I pondered over the mystery of the Low Meadow. Even Ewen concluded that his unhappy comrade had not met his death by mere misadventure. If this were true, the young man's character might yet be cleared by the discovery of the real criminal. But Ewen himself owned that suspicion had pointed to nobody but him, and surely the police would have tracked every possible clue they could find. It made me shudder to think that the murderer might yet be haunting the neighbourhood, not even aroused to confession by the danger and misery of an innocent person. Now, what would touch such a heart as that? I should say "nothing," only I know that God can do any thing.

As I drew near home, there came through the open window a pleasant clatter of spoons and china. It was tea-time. In the hall I met Alice carrying the toast rack.

"I think you will find things get much better soon, Alice," I said, cheerfully.

She looked up at me with sudden brightness and asked: "Have you been speaking to Ewen, sir?"

"Yes; and I believe I have got into his heart," I replied.

"Did he mind—I mean, how does he seem now, sir?"

"Well, Alice," I answered, smiling, "I think he is quite as well as can be expected after the operation!"

Then we went into the parlour, and Alice deposited the rack on the table, and Ruth looked at her and then at me, and quite understood that I now knew all about it. She is a wonderful quick woman, one of the sort that know things before they are told. I can never make out how she did not guess about Lucy Weston.

"So you've had your conversation with the young man," she said, as soon as the girls had left us.

"Yes," I answered; "and I have come to the conclusion that he is as innocent as I am."

"Why, surely you didn't talk to him of—what they say, Edward?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I did," I replied. "I asked him to tell me all he could about it."

"Well, that's delightful simplicity!" said Ruth, laughing, "nevertheless, I believe simple people often do the wisest things. Let me put another lump of sugar in your tea, Ned."

"Thanks for your compliment," I said,

holding up my cup for the proffered sweetness. "Don't you know, Ruth, that my pet theory is the mission of Thoroughfares?"

"I want a report of that mission," said she. "I don't quite understand its operations."

"Well," I answered, "when I was in the city, I used to notice that streets through which no one could pass were always miserable. The houses got bad tenants, and the bad tenants grew worse every day. I remember one instance in particular. It was a long narrow street, opening from a road and ended by a dead wall. The houses near the road were well enough. But as you pass down the street, you saw that each dwelling was shabbier and dirtier than the last, until close to the dead wall, you found broken windows screened by torn shawls or dirty blankets, through whose tatters you could see family operations not usually carried on in the eye of the public. It was a hopeless street, — a property so bad that the landlord vainly advertised it for sale. But in the course of some improvements, the dead wall was pulled down, and the lower end of the street thrown open to a rising thoroughfare. And before a year was out, either the old tenants had departed, or they had mended their ways, for there was no untidy window or slatternly woman to be seen. Now I believe it is just the same with our hearts. Sin or sorrow sometimes closes them so that no friendly voice can echo through. And gradually, all foul things congregate therein. Then some hand must break down the barriers with kindly violence, so that God's comfort may blow through like the healthy north wind which leaves a blessing behind it. And that makes suspicion and despair get ashamed of themselves and sneak out of sight, while love to God and man passes up and down the new thoroughfare."

"That's all true enough," said Ruth. "But don't you think that in due time most hearts re-open without any interference?"

"Perhaps they may," I answered, "but they may remain closed too long for their own happiness or the good of the world."

"Yes, that's quite possible," said she, and she looked very grave. "But, still, Edward, don't you think some sorrows are best endured and conquered in silence?"

"I do think so," I replied; "but then sorrow is not meant to close the heart, but to open it, and if we feel our heart closing, we may be sure we are neither enduring nor conquering, but succumbing."

There followed a long pause.

"A false accusation is a terrible thing," said Ruth, at last, "for it is very dreadful merely to be misunderstood."

"I don't believe you would mind even that," I remarked, "you are brave enough to say, 'If God and my conscience approve, let others think what they may.'"

"You are a wise man, Edward," said Ruth, drily. Now what she meant by that, I cannot tell. I am sure she did not mean exactly what she said.

"It is to be hoped that you practise what you preach," she added presently. "If you have made a thoroughfare in this young man's heart, make a thoroughfare in his life as well."

"Please explain yourself, Ruth," I said.

"Why, don't you see he is cooped in a corner," she answered, taking up her knitting-needles, "with a lie behind him, and the whole village in front, hunting him back upon it? I suppose the world has more places in it than Mallowe and Upper Mallowe."

"Well, now I think of it, I wonder he did not go abroad," I said.

"Yes, of course, brother," answered Ruth; "because you know people can travel about so easily who have neither money, nor friends, nor character, particularly if they have aged or feeble relatives with whom it is their duty to stay. I must repeat, Edward, that you are a very wise man!"

"But if he went to London," I said, "then he wouldn't be too far from his grandfather and sister — certainly he might go to London."

"Certainly he will," said Ruth, "if you send him."

"But still, out-door work there would be worse than here," I remarked, "and, under the circumstances, other employment would be hard to get."

"Then never talk to me again about your city influence," said Ruth, knitting furiously.

"But, my dear," I pleaded, "we have only our own impressions to go by, and" —

"Edward," said she, laying down her needles, and looking at me awfully, as she used in the days of my youth when I faltered in repeating 'my duty to my neighbour,' "Edward, do you believe this young man innocent, or do you believe him guilty?"

"I have no doubt of his innocence," I answered.

"Then do your duty according to your lights," said she; "that's all the best of us can do."

"But I could not recommend him to any one without telling him the whole story," I remarked.

"Certainly not, but I repeat, if you cannot get anybody to share your convictions, or at least to trust them, I would not give much for your city influence."

"But would he be better off anywhere, when once his story was known?" I queried.

"I should think so. I presume a respectable merchant could hear such a narrative without telling it over to all his clerks and errand-boys. Were no confidences ever placed in you, Edward?"

"Well, my dear," I answered, "let us call Alice, and if we can ascertain from her that the scheme is likely to prove agreeable to her brother, I will write to my old partners, and the youth's mind need not be disturbed about the matter till we have a definite offer to make him."

"There! that will do," said Ruth; and she got up and rang the bell, and in half a minute Alice's patient face appeared at the doorway.

"Alice," I said, "come in; I have some questions to ask about Ewen. We all believe him innocent — my sister, you, and I — but we fear it is very hard to defy a general bad opinion. Do you think Ewen likes remaining in the neighbourhood?"

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the maiden, wringing her thin fingers, "do not set him thinking about going abroad!"

"Don't be a simpleton, Alice," said Ruth; "now you are feeling for yourself instead of your brother."

"Hush, Ruth," I interrupted. "Alice is only nervous because she is weak and weary with sorrow. I am not speaking of abroad. I think it is a great blessing that he could get honest work close at hand, for Mr. Herbert had as much reason as other people to mistrust him. By the way, I wonder that did not help to re-establish Ewen's character, Alice."

"It could not, sir," she answered. "Every one knows that Mr. Herbert would not care if he were guilty, so as he could get him cheap."

"Now I fear that is rather uncharitable, Alice," said I.

"It may not be so, Edward," remarked Ruth. "'Charity thinketh no evil,' that is to say, she does not suspect, but she cannot shut her eyes to facts."

"I am not ungrateful to Mr. Herbert,

sir," said Alice. "His work has been a blessing to us, for the other gentlemen round here would not hire Ewen at any price."

"Well, what I wish to ask is, do you think your brother would be better off in London? Take time to consider. There are many questions to answer. Has he had sufficient warning to steady him? Can you and his grandfather bear to part from him?"

"Oh, sir," said Alice, with streaming eyes, "if he could get work more fit for him than field-labour, and be out of sight of all the people that shun and scorn him, grandfather and I wouldn't think about ourselves."

"Now I believe you love your brother," remarked Ruth, quietly. But the girl dropped her head and wept bitterly.

"I suppose he would have no objection to any plan of this sort?" I said presently.

"He would bless you and thank God for it, sir," sobbed my servant.

"Then don't repeat our conversation at present, and I will see what can be done. Trust me, he shall not be left in his present misery if I can help it."

"Though he must not forget it is principally his own fault," said Ruth, parenthetically.

"And now you may go, Alice; and you may tell Phillis to get supper ready."

"No, I'll tell her myself," interrupted Ruth; "and if Alice likes, she can go straight off to bed, else Phillis will think she has had a very bad scolding."

"I don't care what any one thinks, ma'am," said Alice, joyfully, though the tears were still streaming down her cheeks.

"Now, isn't that extraordinary?" remarked Ruth, when she was gone.

"What in particular?" I inquired.

"That girl's love for a brother who has never made her happy. People who are wicked, or useless, or unlucky, seem always the most thought of."

"I suppose it is a provision of God," I said. "He longs to save them from themselves. If we stood on shore and beheld a shipwreck, we should throw out most ropes to those who could not swim."

"But still it seems hard," said Ruth.

"Well, so it did to the prodigal's brother," I answered, "but, depend upon it, when they both sat down at the family feast he was the happier of the two; or, at any rate, he would have been, had he loved his brother as he ought. You see, he might have watched at the gate beside his father, and then he would have been better

employed than weighing and measuring affection, and disturbing himself with reproachful thoughts."

"Ah, yes, so he would," said Ruth; "of course I know God in his wisdom manages these things best; and that just shows us how foolish we must be; for if we had the reins we should do almost everything differently."

"And yet, Ruth, I believe no fiction ever points so clear a moral as one life lived fairly through," I observed, "and that is how God sees every life from its beginning. We only read one or two chapters out of each history, or if we happen to see nearly all, we do not possess the key, which would show us a hidden meaning."

"I suppose it is so," said she, folding up her knitting; then, with a change of tone, she continued, "but if I were you, Edward, I would write that city letter directly, so that it may go off by the next post."

I wrote it, and when it was signed, sealed, and stamped, my vigilant sister was satisfied, and we had our supper and went to bed in peace.

I did not go to sleep directly, for my room was glorious with moonlight. I lay still and pondered over the events of the day; and most of all, I mused over the depths of sin and suffering that might lie hidden behind the calm smiling front of such a tiny village as Upper Mallowe. When I passed Mr. McCallum and Ewen in front of Mr. Herbert's farm on the day of my arrival, how little I dreamed of the tragedies in which they were both called to bear part! And so it often is. We read of saints and heroes, of martyrs and sorely-tried folks, and then we go out into the world, and marvel why we meet nothing of the sort. All our own fault! We cannot see the romance because our eyes are too weak to pierce its common-place vulgar wrappings.

"Just like a common report in a dirty newspaper," said poor Ewen of his sad story. And yet, if we move the scene from an obscure village to a great capital, and change the persons from unknown working people to princes and generals, this is the stuff of which much history is made. We are all so taken with glitter and grandeur, that many who would shudder to come in personal contact with "common" crime like this, are ready to spend years in writing the defence of some royal "suspect," long dead and gone beyond the reach of calumny or justice. But I suppose my mind is not strong enough to love great heights, and long distances. I would rather confine

my interest to the little world lying close round me. I always find that it contains far more than I can manage, and I should often be quite disheartened if I did not remember that our Saviour approved her who just "did what she could."

Then I fell asleep. And when I awoke the room was bright with sunshine, and I heard a low sweet voice softly singing—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

For a moment I forgot forty years; but when I remembered all about it I felt no pain, for I know Lucy is still singing in our Father's upper chamber; and next to the sweetness of a dear voice, is the sweetness of a voice which we have made joyful.

Alice was the singer.

CHAPTER III.

ST. CROSS.

"WHAT are your household arrangements for Sunday, Ruth?" I inquired of my sister when I joined her at the breakfast-table.

"Why, of course, you and I go to church, Edward, and so does one of the girls, and in the evening I shall stay at home, and they can both go out."

"Shall you send them to church?"

Ruth shook her head. I haven't hired their souls as well as their bodies," she said. "I never speak about such things to my servants until I am their friend. Because a girl is in domestic service, why should we conclude that she is naturally disinclined to her duty, and must be preached and driven into it?"

"But as a mistress you have a right"—I began.

"To set a good example, as far as I can, to give them time and means for self-improvement, and to encourage them to do right by not suspecting them of doing wrong," interrupted my sister. "And, by the way, Edward, what 'rights' did you exercise 'as a master' over your clerks? Not many, I expect, and I'd rather follow your practice than your precepts."

The parish church of St. Cross was not very far from our house. As we approached it, its appearance did not gladden my heart. It stood in the angle of a small green, flanked by a few straggling houses of

the meaner sort. In the midst of the green was a wide pool of sluggish water, inhabited by a colony of ducks. The church itself was a long low edifice of no particular order of architecture, with an insignificant spire, and a single dismal bell, more like a signal for an execution than the summons to God's house. Around, lay a little graveyard, wherein most of the graves were covered down with huge flat stones, which, not to be blasphemous, always suggests the idea that the survivors had resolved to do their utmost to prevent a resurrection. Up to the porch, between these gloomy tombs, ran a narrow path of rough sharp stones. Certainly that path would never tempt any shoeless wanderer. The porch itself was narrow, and the inner doors were closed, and guarded by an injured-looking female in a widow's cap. I paused in the porch and looked round, — and I pitied the little children who would remember that church as the place where they first went up to worship God.

Passing through the folding doors, which opened with a dismal creak, we found ourselves in a passage-like interior, lit by narrow windows filled with opaque glass. Now, I dislike opaque glass even in city churches, for I think a ragged back wall is better than a blank, and I don't see why a cat, peaceably creeping along a coping need disturb the sanctity of any congregation. But opaque glass to shut out green trees and open sky! With a shudder, I turned to the pew which the disconsolate widow opened for us. It was not far from the pulpit, and was snugly cushioned and carpeted. I did not discover the narrowness of the seat until I had risen from my knees, and was, I trust, in a more contented and devout frame of mind.

Then I looked towards the communion table, hoping to find some comfort there, but I only saw bare white walls, relieved by two tablets whereon were written the ten precepts of the law. The table itself was small and high, and grudgingly covered with shabby crimson velvet, edged with tarnished gilt fringe. On it stood two straight candlesticks. But above all rose the single adornment of the building — a painted window representing the Descent from the Cross. The colours were laid on so thickly and darkly that the picture was only illuminated round the central figure — the dead body of our Saviour, gaunt and wrenched, half-wrapped in blood-smear'd cloths. The painting suggested no idea but that of fearful physical pain and exhaustion. I think angels veiled their faces before the reality of that scene. Why should we hold it up for

our children to gaze upon while they weary of the sermon, and long for the Sunday pudding? It was frightful!

Slowly the congregation gathered in. I saw Alice and her grandfather, but not Ewen; I saw other faces which I had seen pass my gate, but with which I could not yet connect any idea. But just as the bell gave its last lugubrious stroke the bereaved attendant bustled up the aisle with increased alacrity, followed by the brisk step of a middle-aged gentleman. I recognised his bronzed face and beetling brows: it was my nearest neighbour, Mr. Herbert of the Great Farm.

Close at his side walked a young lady, dressed very quietly in grey mantle and bonnet trimmed with purple and black. They both entered the great square pew immediately in front of ours, evidently the pew of the church, with seats on all sides, and an oaken desk in the middle. When I caught sight of her face, in the midst of that dreary building, it came to my mind like a line of poetry quoted in a dry theological tract.

Yet it was not a beautiful face. I do not suppose an artist would have been satisfied with one feature. I think its charm must have been that the veil of flesh was so delicate and frail that the soul shone clearly through — a sensitive, shivering soul, which would need a very warm mantle of love to pass safely through this chilly blustering world. There was nothing about the face which will stand description, except perhaps the dark hazel eyes, very intense and bright, yet with a look that somehow suggested they had often glistened through tears.

She gave just one glance towards us, and then stood up and opened her book to join in the service. For by this time the clergyman had entered.

He was a young man, with plain features, and resolute, sensible bearing. I knew his name was the Reverend Lewis Marten. And the clear, distinct tone of his voice was the first thing in the whole church which gave me unmingled satisfaction. But when we knelt down for the Confession of Sins, imagine my horror to find that we were expected to go through it in an undefined chant, rendered absolutely ludicrous by an attempt to join, on the part of some old people on the free seats. And I found the same thing went on whenever the congregation should respond. I never say a word against cathedral-services — they have trained choirs, and audiences, as a whole, highly educated. But can the same arguments be used for little churches, dependent on a singing-class or charity schools, and where the

main object should be to render the whole service intelligible and profitable to such as cannot read, or have no book? I don't suppose God's word has any exact precept for or against such performances, but does not St. Paul say "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient?" And he uses some other arguments which wonderfully suit these customs when viewed from another aspect. I should like to hear what the Reverend Lewis Marten thinks of the 14th chapter of Romans.

We got through the prayers, and through an anthem which was not in our hymn-books. It was performed only by the schools and a few giggling boys in a pew behind the reading desk. While this went on, Ruth kept her seat, with that awful expression of countenance which I know means a great deal of anger, with a strong spice of contempt. I stood up, for I don't think such a matter is worth a breach of the peace. I only think it a great pity — a very great pity!

My hopes revived when the young clergyman mounted the pulpit in his black gown. His face was so rational and open, so free from the covert humility of priestcraft, that I felt sure his ideas were not so mediæval as his customs. I was right. But still I was disappointed. Everything he said was true, but it was only half the truth. He spoke of the sin of our hearts, the utter emptiness of the world, and he garnished his discourse with pithy aphorisms, and flashy poetry. But scriptural words of healing and comfort were not set therein, like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." He showed us the suffering without the salvation, — Golgotha without the Saviour who died thereon. And the old men and women fell asleep, the charity boys "swapped" their marbles, the singers giggled and whispered, and the dark eyes of Mr. Herbert's companion turned ever and again to the fearful picture above the altar. And I could not help being glad when it was over, and so I am sure was the preacher.

When I turned to leave, I found the church had been but thinly attended, and that the majority of those present belonged to the classes which have but a loose hold on the stirring interests of life, — young boys and girls, aged people, and those miserable-looking objects who haunt the regions of clerical almsgiving. Now that is a view of religion which I can never understand. To me, it seems that it should have the strongest claim on those who are in the front rank of the battle, that they should find God's house verily a house of refuge, wherein to rest and recruit their strength for each new cam-

paign. And I am sure there is something wrong in the religion which fails in this. By my own heart, I could trace how the declension might proceed. Next Sunday morning, if it were wet, or if I were weary, it might seem to me more profitable to remain at home with my Bible and good books, than to attend a service which chilled and disheartened me. And thus, a church-going habit once broken, I might get so accustomed to my good books, that I might long for a change, and take to essays and history, and so on, till at last I might fall to the depth of newspapers and gossip. And thus it may have been with the honest yeomen and buxom matrons who left their empty seats before God in the church of St. Cross.

In the pebbly graveyard we overtook our Alice, with her grandfather leaning on her arm. I thought I should like a little talk with the old man, for his face had been the best lesson of the morning, — a sermon beaming with the comfortable truth that one may be very old, and very poor, and very tried, and yet very happy.

"What, Mr. M'Callum," I said, stepping to his side, "are you a deserter from the kirk?"

"Na, na, sir," he answered, with his blithe smile, "I'm just a sheep that's been carried frae its ain field, and must e'en pasture where it can; and, praised be God, there's grass growin' everywhere."

"Is there no Scotch church within an easy distance?" I asked.

"Na, sir," he said; "the nearest is full fifteen mile frae this. Aince on a time, I made shift to get there every Communion Sunday — which was four times a year. But noo-a-days I go but aince, so that I'm brought back to the privileges o' my young days. For ye see, sir, we lived in a country parish, and only gathered for the Lord's Supper just after the harvest was in."

"I daresay you wish there was a Scotch church close at hand?" I said.

"Aweel, sir, of course, there's nae kirk like the auld kirk, to my mind; but still there's a poe'er o' grace an' glory i' the Church o' England, — the twa are sisters like, sir, only the ane is a sonesie gude-wife, in her braw white mutch, and the ither is a grand princess in her jewels. They fall out a bit sometimes, as sisters will, but there's the same heart i' them baith, sir, and they've but ae Father."

"I am sorry to see St. Cross has not a larger congregation," I remarked.

"The people hereaway don't go much to church, sir," he said: "I've aften talked tae

them about it. Ye see, I'm an auld man, and I've come frae sic a far-awa' place, that may be they're mair patient wi' me than if I was a poor body that had ne'er been ayont the parish. I tell them about the shootin' grounds, and the moors, and the deerstalkin', and they're glad to listen, and then after a bit, I can bring the talk roond — ye understand, sir."

"And what do they say about neglecting church?" I inquired.

"Some say it's a dour place, and gies them the miserables; and some say parson doesna tell them anything new, only that the world's a wicked hole, which they ken well enough already; and some canna stand the chantin'."

"And no wonder!" ejaculated Ruth.

"Aweel, mem," he went on, turning to my sister, "I think it some queer myself, mair especially as I canna hear what they say, and I'm ow're blind noo to read the biggest print. Hoo the honest Church o' England should want to mak herself look a bit like the Lady of Babylon, is what I canna understand. But still, I aye say to mysel', if ane gies up the kirk, he gies up Sunday, and then the days rin on without sense or meaning, like print wi' the stops no put in. Anything's better than that."

"Has Mr. Marten been clergyman here long?" asked Ruth.

The old man shook his head. "It seems but the other day he came, mem, but time passes quickly. How long is it, Alice?"

"Just two years, grandfather," she answered.

"Aye, aye, just two years," repeated he. "I remember, I remember, Alice. I think he's a good young man; he was verra kind to us when — aye, you know now, sir! Only he thinks a college education maks mair difference than it does, sir. He's feared it keeps folk frae understanding him. And he looks at things in a gloomy way; but that's aften the case wi' young folk. Life comes unco hard tae them at first, pur things," and the old man glanced at his granddaughter.

"Ah, by the way, Alice," I said, "I've a letter in my pocket that you may as well drop into the post now, for I should like it to go off the first thing to-morrow morning," and I handed her the epistle bearing the London address. It caught her eye, and she smiled brightly as she hastened down the turning leading to the post-office, whilst we and her grandfather waited at the corner.

"Your granddaughter seems a blessing to you, Mr. McCallum," I said.

"Aye, she is that; and so is the boy, poor fellow — he'll be a brichter blessin' some day. Thank you kindly for your goodness to him yesterday, sir."

"What! did he tell you of the talk we had?" I asked.

"Yes; he seemed main thoughtfu' all the evenin', and yet he wasna sad or sullen. An' at supper-time, he said, 'There's some one else thinks I'm innocent, grandfather,' and then he told me all about it."

"Does he never come to church?" enquired Ruth.

"He hasna come regular for a long time — and never since *then*, mem," answered the old man. "Ye see, the folk would hardly have sat in the same aisle wi' him! But he seemed inclined to come this mornin', and I hope he'll mak up his mind to be there the night; he'll tak' courage i' the dusk, may be."

"If Alice would like to pass the day with you, we will spare her," said my sister, as the girl rejoined us. "Phillis can manage to-day, and Alice must do as much for her in a Sunday or two."

Alice looked up into my sister's shrewd, brown face, and she let that look be all her answer, leaving the audible thanks to her grandfather. And so we parted.

"That was very kind of you, Ruth," I said as we went on alone.

"May it not be their last Sunday together?" she answered. "Don't you think I know how a woman feels before a parting? — the more fool she, for a man never cares!"

That is Ruth's way of speaking, whenever she is caught doing a kindness. And it is astonishing how she always brings in something complimentary to the male sex. And the worst of it is, sometimes I can't say these compliments are unmerited. So I generally let her take the field, whilst I retire into the nearest ditch.

"I'm afraid you don't like St. Cross?" I said presently.

"Like it?" she said, with bitterness.

"Edward, I've endured it four Sundays, and I wouldn't allow myself to say a word to you about it, because I wanted you to see it with unprejudiced eyes. But it drives me mad! If I could get at these boy-singers in their white gowns, wouldn't I find out whether they know their catechism! And I'll engage they don't! What can a clergyman think about to put a parcel of lads into a seat together, instead of each of them sitting beside his own father and mother, and learning to behave in a reverent, godly manner?"

"It seems a mistake," I said; "but no doubt Mr. Marten does it in hopes of rendering the service attractive."

"Attractive!" she answered; "if any one wants such attractions, why do they put up with shams? Why don't they go where they can get the reality—to the Church of Rome?"

"But the sin of the Church of Rome is not so much her ritual as her doctrine," I pleaded, rather wildly.

"Don't the two go together?" said she. "I wonder the Israelites didn't plead that it was only 'harmless ritual' when they danced round the golden calf! Perhaps Aaron meant it so."

"But, my dear Ruth, the innovations at St. Cross are very few and faint," I expostulated.

"They're as much as they can be," she answered grimly. "There's a choir in white, and they and Mr. Marten all turn to the east two or three times in the prayers, and every response is chanted, and there are candlesticks on the communion table. Anything more would cost money, and the church doesn't look as if it had any to spare."

"These things seem to me so pitifully trivial as to be beneath mention," I said.

"Is it wisdom to overlook the egg until the serpent is hatched?" she asked.

"Mr. Marten has a pleasant, sensible face," I remarked, "and there is something I regret much more than these petty ceremonies, and that is the cold, repellant tone of the sermon. I should like a little talk with him. He is a young man, and a glimpse of an old man's experience can do him no harm."

"It would be less trouble to build a new church at once," said Ruth, cynically.

But that is just like her. I hope for the best, and she prepares for the worst.

As we entered our house, it struck me painfully, that instead of returning with God's peace on our hearts and tongues, we had come back in a criticising, flaw-detecting spirit.

And what seemed worse, I could not conclude it was altogether our own fault. I resolved, however, that Ruth's hopelessness should not dishearten me. I must try to do good in my own way, and I am always inclined to mend rather than remake. So in the course of the afternoon I startled my sister by announcing that I should write to our young rector, and invite him to spend an evening with us in the course of the following week.

"It is his place to call upon us," said she.

"Certainly, Ruth," and doubtless he will do so; but you see I do not care about a call, I want a long, friendly visit."

"Then I wish I could go to tea somewhere, and leave you to fight out your battle by yourselves," she remarked.

"There will be no battle, Ruth," I responded. "I only want to ask him the general position of affairs in the parish, and how I can best make myself useful."

"Then he will say they want a new altar-cloth—not to say a new organ—and also more funds, that the choir may be enlarged," said she.

"Well, I'll tell you what the church does want, Ruth," I answered, "and that is new windows. It is a sin that thick glass should come between us and the blue sky."

"What, let in more light to the candles on the communion table?" queried Ruth, sarcastically.

"The candles are not lit," I said.

"But I suppose they will be some day," she returned. "They are not there for nothing, surely."

"Perhaps the sunshine will put them out, Ruth," I said.

"I hope it may!" she retorted, grimly.

I did not answer, but opened my desk, and began to indite my letter to the clergyman.

"Won't you help me, Ruth?" I asked, after putting down the date.

"It is quite your business," she replied. But the dear woman is far too active-minded not to interfere in anything when asked. So presently she said, "You may send my compliments, I suppose. And what do you mean to say, Edward?"

"Will this do?" I asked her, and read:—

"Mr. and Miss Garrett present their compliments to the Rev. Lewis Marten, and hope he will do them the honour of spending an evening with them in the course of the week. Mr. Garrett is anxious to get acquainted with the neighbourhood, and trusts that Mr. Marten will be willing to advise how he may become useful therein."

"I suppose that will do," commented Ruth; "and yet, brother, the fact is you want to advise him!"

"I don't deny that, but it is quite true I wish information which he can give."

Ruth looked at me for a moment, and then her grave face broke into a smile.

"Any one would say I managed you, Edward, but I doubt if I do," said she. "I think you know how to get your own way without making a struggle. But, by the way, I don't like letter-writing on Sunday."

"Why, this is only an act of neighbourly kindness!" I said, surprised. "We are always free to do good on that day."

"Certainly, Edward! and yet I think we should keep up every possible distinction between the Sabbath and other days."

"You don't think the day of rest should be a day of idleness, Ruth?" I asked.

"No," she answered; "but I think with Mr. McCallum that Sundays should be the 'stops' in our life. I know some people laugh at Scotch notions of Sabbath-keeping, but that is because they never tried the refreshment afforded by the day, when life stands still before the throne of God, and care and weariness are swallowed up in His glory."

"But, Ruth, may it not be that while we

try to keep the letter of the positive law, we are in danger of neglecting some moral duty?" I inquired.

She shook her head. "I don't think so. The very day of rest helps to discipline the mind to distinguish between what it wants to do, and what it should do. If a letter would prevent a mistake, or save an hour's unhappiness, or give comfort, I should say, write it — aye, and carry it yourself, though the task occupied your whole Sunday. I was glad to see you give that letter to Alice this morning. But what will do quite as well on Monday, leave till Monday, and certainly this note can wait till to-morrow."

I felt that Ruth was right. And I put away my desk.

SPIDERS. — Some very curious observations regarding this insect have lately been communicated to the Academy of Sciences by Father Babaz, who has been fifteen years engaged in these researches. It happened one day, as he was reading in a garden, that a small spider suddenly lighted upon his book, and crawled over the very line he was reading. He tried to blow it away, but instead of letting itself be carried away by the blast it raised its abdomen, and swung itself up to a leaf overhead. This appeared strange, as there was no thread to be seen. Our observer caught the spider again, put it on his book, and repeated the experiment, which ended in the same result. He caught it once more, and this time placed himself directly in the sun, with the insect on a level with his eyes. In this position he at length discovered the evolution performed by the little creature. On receiving the blast it raised its abdomen, and in so doing projected a thread of inconceivable tenuity to a considerable distance, and raising itself in the air, disappeared from view. This unexpected discovery induced Father Babaz to examine the question thoroughly: every spider that came in his way had to con-

tribute something towards his researches, and in this way he at length ascertained a fact hitherto unknown to naturalists, viz. that most spiders possess not only the faculty of spinning a thread, but also that of projecting one or several, sometimes of a length of five or six metres, which they use to traverse distances with, and affix their thread to a second point for the support of their web. They even seem to have the power of directing the extremity of the ejaculated thread to a given point; they seem to feel for the place where it is most desirable to fix it. Certain spiders, the *Thomis* *Bufo*, for instance, will eject a bunch of threads which, curling up in the air and shining in the sun with various hues, give the insect the appearance of a peacock displaying its tail. But this is not all: spiders can fly and swim in the air, though they are heavier even than alcohol. To perform this feat they turn their back to the ground, and keep their legs closely folded up on their body, and in this posture sail about with perfect ease. Their flight is often very rapid, especially in the beginning, and they will sometimes escape from the observer's hand quite suddenly and soar up high in the air. — *Galignani*.

From The Saturday Review.

DR. NEWMAN'S POEMS.*

DR. NEWMAN tells us in the prefatory dedication to this little volume that he has only been encouraged by the favourable judgment of critics personally strangers to him to bring together into one collection what he had regarded as the ephemeral effusions of many years, and that he submits them with diffidence to the verdict of public opinion. He adds, what will be obvious even to those not previously acquainted with the poems reprinted here, that the chief portion of this volume grew out of the religious movement with which his name is so intimately associated. The numerous admirers of the *Lyra Apostolica*—which has long, we believe, been out of print, but which was to the Tractarian movement what the songs of Tyrtæus were to the Spartan armies—will of course rejoice to have their old favourites restored to them in a very slightly altered dress; for a good half of the *Lyra* came from Dr. Newman's pen. But it is not for their sakes only that the present volume is published, nor will they alone welcome it. Many who once looked with distrust or positive aversion on the author's writings will now feel a genuine interest in whatever helps to illustrate his character and tone of thought. Englishmen who have least sympathy with his theological beliefs have come to recognise in him a man of whom England may well be proud; and English Churchmen of very opposite schools are not slow to acknowledge the great services he rendered to the communion which he has felt it his duty to desert. For all such this collection of occasional verses will have a value quite apart from its poetical merits, which are considerable. A man's individuality cannot fail to come out much more in compositions of this kind than in formal treatises, or even in sermons, though the *Parochial Sermons* now understood to be in course of republication with the author's sanction, are exceptional in this as other respects. There is no previous work of Dr. Newman's, except the *Apologia*, so rich in personal indications, and for this reason we are particularly glad that dates of place and time are appended to the separate pieces. This enables us to trace the continuous working of the author's mind, which suffered no violent break at his conversion. The very title-page and dedication, as well as several of the poems, bear witness to one speciality of Dr. Newman's,

which is certainly not usual in religious leaders and controversialists—we mean the genuine taste for classical scholarship which he has retained through life, and which formerly won him the reputation of the first writer of Latin prose in Oxford. Not less marked is his habitual familiarity with Old Testament imagery, and especially with the language and moral temper of the Hebrew prophets. The dominant feeling which he tells us in the *Apologia* has possessed him from boyhood, of being "*solus cum Solo*"—that to him the only two realities are his own soul and God—is again most remarkably illustrated in several of these pieces, and, above all, in the "Dream of Gerontius."

The volume naturally divides itself into three portions. The first part consists of various short compositions, chiefly reprints from the *Lyra Apostolica*, with a few later additions. Then follows a series of translations from the hymns of the Breviary, most of which have also appeared before. And lastly, we have what is the longest and apparently the latest poem in the book, the "Dream of Gerontius." This was first published two years ago in a Roman Catholic periodical, and has since been republished by itself. It is, as a composition, far the most striking in the volume. We shall return to it by and by. It is difficult to state in precise terms the leading characteristics of Dr. Newman's poetry, for they are in fact the characteristics of his mind, which, to adopt his own epithet for St. Paul, is "many-gifted" and many-sided. Indeed, there has often seemed to us a certain analogy between his character and that of the great apostle, so far as it can be gathered from his Epistles, and it is noteworthy that two of the most intensely personal and suggestive of Dr. Newman's later sermons are on the character of St. Paul. His verses require to be read by the light of his other publications, especially his sermons. In point of style, a forcible concentration of thought, and a nice selection of language, avoiding carefully any mere waste of words, will be seen at once to be the common attributes of both. And, going deeper, it is not perhaps too much to say that a profound and habitual consciousness of the presence of an unseen world, blending with and colouring all the relations and circumstances of life, underlies the whole tone and structure of his poetry, and gives it, for religious minds, its peculiar charm. This is brought out most prominently in the "Dream of Gerontius," but is true of the volume as a whole. At the same time this abiding conviction of the unseen is combined

* Verses on Various Occasions. By Dr. Newman. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1862.

with a very keen observation of passing events, and an appreciative interest, not affected but real, in the literature and facts of his own and former ages.

Of the earlier pieces in this volume, some, like "Lead kindly Light," and "Weep not for me," have long made themselves household words in many homes and many hearts from their exquisite touches of human tenderness. There are others that bring out the ascetic and unworldly side of the writer's mind. The following lines, familiar to all readers of the *Lyra Apostolica*, may be taken as a fair specimen of this vein of almost prophetic sternness. Here, as elsewhere, the vigorous abruptness of the language serves to accentuate the idea conveyed:—

When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Upreads its pageants vast,
And vaunts — it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine, are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend —
Love to its gave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end.

In some, happily very few, cases, alterations have been introduced, sometimes in consequence of the author's change of opinion, and these are seldom, in a poetical sense, improvements. Some also of the best in the *Lyra* are omitted, we know not why. One of our old favourites, which began with a caution against invocation of saints, reappears, under the title of "Refrigerium," with three new lines in the first stanza, and two of the old ones spoilt. This is not the place to say anything against its theology, but for the sake of form and metre we could certainly wish to see the verse re-written, with the ugly word "convalescent," disagreeably suggestive of a hospital, expunged, and the concluding lines of the original replaced. The omission of "mountain grots," and the unaccountable change of "murmurs by" into "hurries by," completely destroys the dreamy repose of the image suggested, as well as the music of the rhythm. On the

whole, however, it is remarkable how very little has been altered, and also how little difference of tone there is between the earlier and later compositions. Even in dealing with subjects connected with specifically Roman doctrine, as in the hymns to St. Philip and to the Guardian Angel, or the really noble "Song for an inclement May," the difference between Dr. Newman's treatment and Faber's, for instance, of similar themes, cannot fail to strike any intelligent reader.

We have no space to dwell on the translations further than to observe — and this is very high praise — that they deal with the metrical portions as the compilers of the English Liturgy have dealt with the prose portions of the old Latin service books, and as modern Roman Catholic manuals certainly do not deal with them. We get, not a slavish rendering of the exact words, but an idiomatic and musical reproduction of the exact sense of the original, according to the rule of translating which Dr. Newman laid down for himself in the preface to the *Church of the Fathers*, and which is the only true one. It is unfortunate for the readers of the Donay Bible that he was not allowed to provide them with a substitute for that strange medley of bad English and high polite in the style of the version of Psalm 90 and of the Prayer of Commendation — one of the grandest compositions in the Roman or any other ritual — given in the concluding poem of this volume. To that poem we must now turn.

The "Dream of Gerontius" is very much the longest and most carefully elaborated of all Dr. Newman's verse compositions, and exhibits with peculiar distinctness all his characteristic peculiarities of thought and expression. For rhythmical sweetness, too, he has hardly written anything to equal the last farewell of the Guardian Angel to the parted spirit "sinking deep, deeper into the dim distance" of its middle home, which falls on the ear like a strain of Mendelssohn's music. In form the poem is dramatic. Gerontius is first represented at the point of death, with his attendants watching round his bed, and then, after death, with angels and demons disputing the possession of his disembodied soul. There is something which reminds us of that "tender grace" which has endeared the *Christian Year* to thousands of aching hearts, something too of the wilder music of Shelley, though set to different themes; and much which recalls — as well by contrast as by similarity — our great representative poet, whose popularity is mainly due

to the fact of his reflecting with such luminous fidelity the various phases of emotion and conviction which go to make up what is called the spirit of the age. It is not too much to say that the author of *Gerontius* is like and unlike them all, most like and most unlike Tennyson. He has the tenderness of Keble, but with more both of sternness and of fire; he has the idealism of Shelley, without his scepticism; he delights with Tennyson to feel the pulses, so to say, of modern thought, and that too with a keen sense of sympathy; but then there is a strongly marked background of dogmatic belief which is never lost sight of. The theology and psychology of the poem — we use the term theology in its strict etymological sense — are throughout subservient to its leading ideas of the infinite greatness of the Creator, and the infinite littleness of the creature which has dared to rebel against its Maker. We are constantly reminded of two of the most characteristic passages in the author's prose writings — one in his University Lectures, where he draws out into a kind of Athanasian creed of natural religion all that is involved in a Theist's conception of the Supreme Being; the other in the *Apologia*, where he compares the actual state of humanity, as contrasted with the ideal, to the effect produced on a person looking into a mirror and seeing no reflection of his face. The fall of man and the earlier stages of his restoration are grandly summed up in the lines ascribed to the "Second Choir of Angelicals": —

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

Woe to thee, man! for he was found
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had Angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to old, from sire to son,
He lived, and toil'd, and died.
LIVING AGE. VOL VIII. 316.

He dreed his penance age by age;
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
And be again a man.

And quicken'd by the Almighty's breath
And chasten'd by His rod,
And taught by angel-visittings,
At length he sought his God;

And learn'd to call upon His Name,
And in His faith create
A household and a father-land,
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,
In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life
A people to His praise!

Few living writers could match the subtle self-analysis of the dying man's elaborate description of

That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Is all that makes me man,

as though he was "falling through the solid framework of created things"; or of the soul after death, when, conscious of "an inexpressive lightness" and feeling of freedom, and yet retaining "a sort of confidence" that "each particular organ holds its place," it cannot decide whether it is alive or dead: —

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,

Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use of earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

Not less striking is the passage, to which we must be content only to refer our readers, where the angel answers the inquiry of Gerontius as to what keeps him back from the presence of God, by distinguishing the "different standards" for measuring the flow of time in the material and immaterial worlds, so that the interval since dissolution which seemed so long to the disembodied soul was not as men reckon time, "the million million millionth" part of a moment, time being measured among spirits only by "intensity of living thought":—

Every one
Is standard of his own chronology.
It is thy very energy of thought
That keeps thee from thy God.

To many readers, probably, both Catholic and Protestant, the interest of the poem will centre in the view of Purgatory as it presents itself to the writer's mind, which may be said to be its main subject. Those who are accustomed to identify the doctrine with the gross conceptions which Protestants usually associate with it, and which seem to be countenanced by a good deal of the language of popular devotion among Roman Catholics, will be startled at the profoundly spiritual and subjective form of the belief as it is here put before them. In the following passage, which bears the most directly on it of any in the poem, there is little or nothing that some of the ablest and devoutest of Protestant thinkers have not themselves surmised, or at least been willing to admit:—

ANGEL.

Praise to His name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Lies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivell'd it; and now it
Lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consum'd, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn, —
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.

There will I sing, and soothe my stricken
breast,

Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

We have only been able to indicate by a few extracts the general features of this remarkable poem, which seems to prove, whatever else it may show also, how much room there is within the dogmatic unity of Rome for the widest divergences in the subjective apprehension of belief. It has been said of Dr. Newman, both by assailants and by friends, that his temper of mind is essentially Protestant. In the sense in which some of his critics seem to understand the word, there is much in the "Dream of Gerontius" to support their verdict.

From *Belgravia*.

STUDIES IN TENNYSON.

SOCIETY exacts a familiarity with certain books. With the last new novel, of course; but beyond this, with works of greater pretensions. There are histories (Macaulay's, for instance) which one must have read; it is necessary to have dipped into Carlyle; and some knowledge of one or two poets is indispensable. But while one must go into the standard authors, it is not necessary to go very far. The number of what may be termed "classics of society" is restricted, and it is in bad taste to affect a familiarity with those that have not the *entree* of the drawing-room. Amongst the poets there is only one with whom a close familiarity is insisted on. A vague, general knowledge of the others will suffice; but one must have read — must be able to quote, or recognise when quoted — the verses of Alfred Tennyson. The fact of his being the Court poet, and that in a much closer sense than any of the Laureates have been for years, will account for this to some extent; but these further and more sufficing reasons may also be advanced — Tennyson's is the poetry of the age; it reflects its views, its aims, its aspirations; it expresses what we all think and feel, and in the happiest manner — tersely, elegantly, with exquisite simplicity, and wholly *sans aller terre à terre*. For this reason Tennyson has become an ac-

cessory to life. We could hardly get on without him. It is difficult to imagine how people in past times ever became "engaged" without the aid of *Locksley Hall*, or gave expression to their *tristesse* when there was no Marianna in her Moated Grange to declare that her heart was weary and express a wish for her speedy demise.

Yes, to know Tennyson is as necessary as to be familiar with Gounod or Meyerbeer. Not to recognise a line from *In Memoriam* is as unpardonable as to have no appreciation of the *morceau à l'unison* from *L'Africaine*. And the matter does not end here. We are entering on a new phase of Tennyson worship. Hitherto it has been enough to read him, and to commit a verse or two here or there to memory. Now we have passed beyond that stage. To have read the poems does not suffice. It is not only necessary to know what they are about, but to know *all about them*. Bibliography in connection with the Laureate's works is the newest rage; and just as everyone is supposed to know something about the Shakespeare folios — to distinguish between that of 1623 and that of 1632, for instance — so you are now expected to be "posted up" in the Tennysonian editions. Of course, with many the mania goes further than this. People who recently would give a guinea for a penny postage-stamp, when it was the right thing to "collect," now buy up at fabulous prices Tennyson's early books. That scrubby little volume, *Poems by two Brothers*, published at Louth in 1827, is worth its weight in gold; and I am thinking of having my first edition of the *Poems* (1830) chained up, as books were chained to the desks in old libraries, as the only chance of keeping it in my possession. Enthusiasm goes even beyond the desire to possess at any price these early editions. There were certain magazines, some long since defunct, in which the young poet was reviewed, with more or less acerbity; and these now become prizes about which collectors squabble as old ladies of a past time did over china monsters and egg-shell cups and saucers. Already a book on Tennyson bibliography has appeared, a kind of guide to the uninitiated, and this is doubtless but a first step in the new direction. We may look for a Variorum Tennyson at the very least before many years have passed.

Naturally this new form of Tennyson admiration is founded on something like reason. There is a cause for it. Early editions are not bought up simply because they are old, and the reviews eagerly sought after have special points rendering them valuable. The early editions, I may say in a

word, are prized because the poet is infinitely fastidious in taste, and is always altering, adding, and omitting. Thus, a given poem may be extant in half-a-dozen forms, and one edition of a volume may differ in essential particulars from the very next issuing from the press. Hence it is very interesting to collate; and if we cannot by this means study the growth of the poet's mind, we get fully at his meaning, and trace the steps by which he has attained to perfection. So in regard to the reviews mentioned; they are such as are known to have had an effect on the poet, either in the way of provoking retort or causing omissions from subsequent editions of his volumes. The bibliography of Tennyson is thus not without value, and the results attained by those who have made it a study are full of interest even for the general reader.

The Poet Laureate was born at the little village of Somersby in Lincolnshire, in 1809. His father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector of that and adjoining parishes. The rector had several sons besides Alfred — two of them poets, who in early life gave greater promise than he who has rendered the family name immortal. It was in connection with his brother Charles that he first ventured into print. The *Poems by two Brothers*, published by J. Jackson, Market-place, Louth, were their joint production. This early volume is very curious. It bears the motto *Hæc nos novimus esse nihil* (We know this to be nothing). The poems fill two hundred pages, and are upon a variety of subjects — from "The Fall of Jerusalem," to "The Death of my Grandmother;" from "The Expedition of Nadir Shah into Hindostan," to "Sunday Mobs." One curious point in this volume is the difficulty of assigning to the brothers their respective shares in it; but here and there are lines unmistakably from Alfred's pen — the first stirrings of the great heart in song. For instance:

"At times her partial splendour shines
Upon the grove of deep black pines."

Another point to note is the obvious influence of Byron, stronger than that of Shakespeare, so apparent in the poet's later works.

Cambridge is Tennyson's Alma Mater (though I saw him receive his D.C.L. degree at Oxford — a memorable occasion). He entered at Trinity College in 1829. The same year he contended with his friend Arthur Henry Hallam, whom he afterwards sang in undying verse, for the Chancellor's gold medal — the subject of his prize poem

that year being "Timbuctoo." With a poem in blank verse on this absurd topic he won the medal, and further produced a work that attracted the attention of the critics outside the University. It was declared that "it would have done honour to any man who ever wrote." Wisely, however, the Laureate has only preserved three lines of it.

The first volume of verse that Alfred Tennyson avowed as his own was published in 1830. He called it *Poems chiefly Lyrical*. The publisher was Effingham Wilson. The copy before me — a thin unpretending volume of 154 pages — has the price printed on it — five shillings: it would now be very cheap at a guinea. In looking over it one cannot fail to be struck with a singular fact. There are here some of the gems with which the poet's name is associated; they gleam and sparkle in all their perfection just as they have been printed again and again, without a word of alteration. Take, for example, "The Poet" and "Orana." Yet side by side with these are verses of marked inferiority, which the maturer taste of the writer has induced him to abandon as worthless. It is very singular to reflect that the mind capable of producing the better poems, the taste that could give them their exquisite form, should have been incapable then of rejecting the alloy that so detracts from the charm of the volume. Little worth preserving has been lost to us from the revision of these poems; but of that little take this specimen of elegiacs, surely very beautiful:

"Low-flowing breezes are roaming the broad valley, dimmed in the gloaming;
Through the black-stemmed pines only the far river shines,
Creeping through blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-blowing bushes;
Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall."

This, again, is well put:

"The wise, could he behold
Cathedral'd caverns of thick-ribbed gold,
And branching silvers of the central globe,
Would marvel from so beautiful a sight
How scorn and ruin, pain and hate, could flow."

One marked peculiarity in Tennyson in this early time was the use of strange compound words, very startling to the ordinary reader. Thus we get "globe-filled," "cavernthroats," "thickstemmed," and "daisy-

blossomed," printed thus, without any connecting hyphen. Singular to the eye is this apostrophe to the grasshopper, as

"Voice of the summerwind
Joy of the summerplain
Life of the summerhours."

A tendency to forced accentuation is still further bewildering.

The gem of this volume, apart from matter afterwards reprinted, is a description of the death of an animal, occurring in the course of a long poem, which I think has seldom been surpassed:

"The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flowered furrow. In a time
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Through his warm heart; and then, from
whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native slope,
Where he was won't to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies."

Only a great poet could have written that. The volume, indeed, though crude and unsatisfactory in many respects, is far above the average. The *Westminster Review* predicted from it something of the glory which now overshadows the poet's brow. And Arthur Hallam wrote of his friend: "He has yet written little, and published less; but in these 'preludes of a loftier strain' we recognise the inspiring God. . . . There is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty, which throws a charm over his impassioned song more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. . . . The features of original genius are clearly and strongly marked."

There was, however, quite enough in the volume to excite the laughter of the unsympathetic; and a review in *Blackwood* (vol. xxxi. p. 721), by Professor Wilson, was so savage in its tone, and so unfair, that it provoked a retort. In those days, and in later years, Tennyson was not disposed to let his critics get off scot-free; and in this instance he wrote some lines in allusion to "Crusty Christopher," which he has since had the good sense to suppress. They were feeble, and unworthy of his pen. They appeared in his next volume, *Poems*, in 1833, published by Messrs. Moxon, who

have brought out all his subsequent works.* This volume is rare and choice, because it contains much since abandoned, and many first readings of famous passages. It comprises the "Miller's Daughter," which has been greatly altered; and if I wished to show a young poet an example of what care and polish may effect, I would point to the song, "It is the Miller's Daughter," as it was first printed, in comparison with the gem it now is. The lines have all been shortened; and the effect thus obtained is magical. The "Palace of Art" appears in this volume in a form very different from that in which we now have it.

When you order Tennyson's *Poems* of your bookseller, you get a book which is now in its sixteenth edition, but is substantially the same as it was issued in 1842. It comprises selections from the volumes of 1830 and 1833 (carefully revised), and a mass of original matter, including the famous *Locksley Hall*. The effect of this book was to give the poet a place in the forefront of the men of his day. Yet it is singular that some of our greatest men failed at first to recognise his surpassing genius. Lord Lytton was of the number. The volume of 1833 had contained a poem, "O darling Room," not very brilliant; yet it was reprinted. Over this his lordship made merry; and in the *New Timon* (1846) went out of his way to hold Tennyson (who had just received a grant from the privy-purse) up to ridicule. He spoke of

"The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Outhabbing Wordsworth and outglittering
Keates (*sic*),
Where all the airs of patchwork pastoral
chime
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme."

And further:

* A valuable relic has just come to light. It is a sonnet which appeared in *The Yorkshire Literary Annual* for 1832:

"There are three things that fill my heart with
sighs
And steep my soul in laughter (when I view
Fair maiden forms moving like melodies) —
Dimples, rose-lips, and eyes of any hue.
There are three things beneath the blessed skies
For which I live — black eyes and brown and
blue:
I hold them all most dear; but O, black eyes,
I live and die and only die for you!
Of late such eyes looked at me — while I mused
At sunset underneath a shadowy plane
In old Bayona, nigh the southern sea —
From a half-open lattice looked at me.
I saw no more, only those eyes, confused
And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain."

It is singular that this charming sonnet should not have appeared in the volume of 1833, then preparing for the press.

"Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On 'darling little room so warm and
bright';
Chant 'I'm a-weary' in infectious strain,
And catch her 'blue fly singing i' the
pane.'"

The incensed bard was not long in retorting; and he has been thought to have had the best of it in certain verses in *Punch* of that year, unmistakably from his pen. It is curious to turn to them. There are eleven stanzas, but some amongst them are indifferent. The composition only amuses as a curiosity of literature. In two ways Lord Lytton has made the *amende*. The offensive passage was omitted from the new editions of his work — in the fourth, now before me, it is wanting; and subsequently, in a speech at Hertford, he spoke of the Laureate's genius in becoming terms. Tennyson, on his part, has abandoned the "little room," together with the "Skipping-rope," and other puerilities.

In 1847 appeared the *Princess*; and an edition of that date is interesting, because lines have been since added, and some little change has been made in the conduct of the poem. The lyrics dividing the sections so charmingly were an after-thought also. It is worthy of note that one of these lyrics — "As through the land at eve we went" — received some additions when reprinted in Moxon's selections, 1865. Between the two verses we there get,

"And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears."

There also we have another version of "Home they brought her warrior dead," beginning, "Home they brought him, slain with spears." The great poem *In Memoriam* appeared in 1850. The seventh edition contains revisions, and is therefore valuable for collation. In 1851 Tennyson was made Laureate; and to an edition of his *Poems* (the volume of 1842) published in that year, he prefixed a dedication to the Queen — not a very brilliant performance, still a superior sort of laureate-work. Curious to note that in subsequent reprints these lines in allusion to the Crystal Palace are omitted:

"She brought a vast design to pass,
When Europe and the scattered ends
Of our fierce world did meet as friends
And brethren in her halls of glass."

In 1855 came *Maud*, to a considerable extent a mosaic of verses written years before; much of it very beautiful. The new edition of 1859 should be examined: there is much new matter in it. *The Idylls of the King* (1859), * by many regarded as the poet's finest work, has gone through several editions. None of these are specially interesting in a bibliographical point of view; but the dedication to Prince Albert was not added until after the prince's death. *Enoch Arden* (1864) completes the series, if we except "a selection" already alluded to, issued in 1865, interesting and valuable in many respects, since it contains new poems and new readings. The latter constitute the great charm of Tennysonian study.

There is, indeed, nothing more remarkable than the exquisite taste the poet has displayed in fitting his works for the immortality to which they are destined. It is more than good taste; it is instinct. In almost all his alterations and omissions it is the dross only that disappears; the gold remains. Sometimes a happy line is sacrificed; but as we examine it microscopically we find that there was some flaw in it. For instance, in *Amphion* one is amused with

"The gin within the juniper
Began to make him merry."

But the point is gained at the expense of truth, in a strictly scientific point of view; and so the lines have been sacrificed in late editions. The one instance that occurs to me of a refinement resulting in weakness is in the *In Memoriam*, where the familiar lines,

"And dear as sacramental wine
To dying lips is all he said,"

have been changed into

"And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said."

This alteration has been made at the expense of all force and beauty. "Sacred wine" is feeble, and almost, if not utterly, meaningless; and in spite of the seventh edition the earlier form will always be the popular one.

W. S.

* First part, called *Ened and Nimue, or the True and the False*, was privately printed in 1857. This edition is very scarce.

From The Saturday Review.

DR. CAMPBELL.*

WE will not say, for it would be a presumptuous assertion, that this is the worst specimen of a biography ever written; but we sincerely hope that there are not many worse. Religious biographies have indeed a bad name, even amongst the dismal class of literature to which they belong. When a man of any mark dies, and his correspondence is tumbled out upon the world in undigested masses of small type, connected by fragments of larger print, the result is seldom exhilarating. In this case the work has been performed with unusual indifference to any literary considerations. The joint authors of the thick octavo volume before us show a special incapacity for telling a plain story. It is comparatively a small matter that they skip backwards and forwards with a playful indifference to chronology which always leaves us in doubt, as to a margin of some twenty years, of what special period they are writing. It is rather more annoying that, whenever they come across an incident of some interest, they proceed by the method of "alluding to individuals" or "circumstances" and carefully abstain from giving us a distinct narrative of the facts. Whether this proceeds from an amiable desire on the part of the authors to spare the feelings of living persons, or from a belief that their readers are perfectly "posted up" in all the details of the "Rivulet Controversy" or the legal proceedings about the Tottenham Court Road Chapel, the result is equally annoying. It leaves us in a hopelessly indistinct state of mind as to the chief events of Dr. Campbell's life. And, finally, the copious correspondence which fills most of the 559 pages is of the very dullest description. Dr. Campbell, as a Dissenting preacher, and as the editor and principal author of several religious newspapers, had a natural disposition to secrete enormous volumes of monotonous writing — sometimes tinged with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but generally featureless and uninteresting to a surprising degree. The joint biographers wonder at his epistolary excellence, to which, as they appear to think, the only parallels are to be found in the letters of Cowper and Burns; but the only surprising thing is that a busy man can have written with such fluency and have so seldom deviated into anything amusing. To read through his corre-

* *Life and Labours of John Campbell, D. D.* By the Rev. R. Ferguson, LL.D., and the Rev. A. Morton Brown, LL.D. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

spondence is like consuming an unlimited quantity of suet pudding; to use a vulgar expression, it is to the last degree "filling at the price." To mention one other trifle, it is rather provoking that the signature of all the letters is carefully omitted, and that we are never treated to a heading; so that the writer and the person addressed have to be inferred from the previous remarks.

This is the more unfortunate because, as far as we can infer from the dreary pages of the biography, Dr. Campbell was really a man of ability and strongly marked character. He was a fine specimen of the tough Scotch Calvinist, a Dissenter of the old dogged inflexible breed, and a very worthy follower of Whitefield to whose chapel he was the second successor. He was a man of great energy, though of half cultivated and of narrow intellect. According to his lights he did good and disinterested work, and he seems to have possessed warm affections and many really amiable qualities under a rugged yet manly outside. A real picture of a vigorous, warm-hearted, hot-headed, and ignorant preacher might have shown us much that was picturesque, and something perhaps that was really touching and attractive. As it is, we are left laboriously to extract a few characteristic touches for ourselves out of the dreary expanse of colourless dissertation; and it is not our fault if the somewhat ridiculous features of his character are rendered more prominent than his better qualities, for, in toiling through the barren waste of writing, the only points which catch our eye are the occasional unconscious absurdities into which the biographers or their unlucky victim manage to stumble. Thus we of course come upon a few of those queer applications of Scriptural language which, however well meant, provoke an involuntary smile. Dr. Campbell appears to have been a dutiful son, and out of a small salary sent occasional sums of money to his mother, who married twice after his father's death. "I got the five pounds," she writes to him, "which you kindly sent me. What a deliverance it was, for on that very day my husband died. Oh, that I could cleave to the Lord Jesus with full purpose of heart, for He is a hiding place from the storm and a covert from the tempest." The sentiment is really excellent, but the form of returning thanks for a five-pound note may perhaps be described as overstrained. A little further on the authors remark, *à propos* of a quarrel between Dr. Campbell and certain managers of his chapel, that "the winds can be chained" (we did not know it), "the storm can be laid, and the ocean itself be

made to sleep on the sand, but who, they ask, can control the fierce and fiery passions of fallen man? This demands a miracle of grace." To our surprise we find, in a few pages, that this miracle is worked by filing a bill before the Vice-Chancellor of England. Presently we are told in the same style that Dr. Campbell had many troubles:—

The cup which heaven put to his lips was not without its bitter. The dark shadow sometimes fell on his path. He had to wear his crown of thorns. He had to follow his Master in suffering. From circumstances into which it is not needful that we should enter, Mr. Bateman was induced to tender his resignation as one of the managers of the Tabernacle.

Now it was no doubt annoying to Dr. Campbell to lose the services of an old friend of some standing; but it is rather a bold metaphor to describe this annoyance as wearing a crown of thorns. It is evident that the fiery trials through which a modern minister of the Gospel has to pass—at least in Tottenham Court Road Chapel—are not of a very scorching description.

It is easy for a reader of the smallest experience to infer the nature of Dr. Campbell's theology. His anticipations of his own future fate are given in these words:—"Oh what incomparable content and satisfaction will our minds then take in themselves! With what enravishing pleasure will they ever review their own motions," &c. And when he looked upon a large part of his neighbours, he contemplated their fate with due horror. He saw in London "a multitude sufficient to constitute by far the greatest city on the face of the globe, all posting down to death and hell as fast as time can carry them." He describes the tea-gardens of London as "innumerable synagogues of Satan." He admits with cheerfulness that it is not true that "none enter theatres who are not accomplished blackguards," but he denies to the frequenters of those unhallowed places the character of Christians. He tells them—and from his point of view the solemnity of his appeal is warrantable—that when they are dying they would feel it "an unpardonable insult, a cruel mockery of their woe, were a play to be read to them, or a comedy acted in their presence." The dislike to theatres is in character, and is not confined to Dr. Campbell's peculiar sect. Perhaps we may attribute to a sacred ignorance of all theatrical names and matters one curious statement made by his biographers. Shakspeare, they assure us, "*speaking of newspapers*," assures us that "they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the day, to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body-

of the time his form and pressure." Certainly, Shakspeare must have been even more of a prophet than profane playgoers imagined. We may suppose that Dr. Campbell was not a very great hand at a joke. The only piece of facetiousness which we have been able to discover in the volume is the following, which the authors describe as a "pleasant saying." Dr. Campbell was ordained a few days after his marriage; whereupon a gentleman humorously observed, "Mr. Campbell has now acquired the last pastoral qualification — he is the husband of one wife." Dr. Campbell himself, it is true, makes one or two remarks which may pass for jocose — chiefly by force of contrast with the subrounding element. He indulges in some very innocent fun in a letter to a lady, but immediately apologizes. "Levity," he says, "is not natural to me. Scarcely ever before did I write so light a letter." Perhaps too we may add the following fragment of verse, for Dr. Campbell occasionally indulged in making rhymes. He was, it seems, remarkably fond of animals, and one quotation refers to a pet dog: —

Men small and great may learn of Gyp
A lesson worthy of record;
She never let th' occasion slip —
The time assign'd — to seek the Lord.

The bell for prayer had scarcely ceased
When lively Gyp came walking in,
And quiet lay the gentle beast,
While master talked of grace and sin.

And we possibly ought to refer to this habit the rather singular statement that when Dr. Campbell was on his deathbed he always spoke of dying as "going up stairs." The impropriety is here on the side of the biographers, who had better have abstained from reporting what makes a strangely incongruous effect in a part of their story which cannot but be solemn. They commit a graver, though doubtless an equally unconscionable, breach of propriety in quoting an odd letter from Dr. Campbell to his second wife, to whom the book is dedicated. Dr. Campbell married at the age of sixty-nine, and writes to encourage his intended wife by precedents. He tells her that Mr. Jay's second wife married at fifty, and that Dr. Smith, "the famous and learned professor of Homerton College," married at sixty-nine the widow of a friend, and lived with her very happily for eight years. The defence is scarcely calculated to propitiate the readers of the biography, whatever may have been its effect upon the lady.

The attempts of the biographers to prove by specimens that Dr. Campbell possessed a colossal mind are scarcely more happy. They quote a few scraps of paragraphs contributed by him to some of the magazines of which he was editor. One specimen will be quite enough to give a guess at his merits. A criticism of Wordsworth is contained in a dozen lines. They inform us that the "established reputation" of that poet "will ever continue to embalm his memory"; also that the "productions" of this great master of song throw a delightful charm around objects in themselves insignificant and infantile. Moreover, that "pathos, purity, and piety were happily blended in the soul of the author of the 'Excursion,' and that genius, beauty, and religion were thus of necessity characteristic of his verse." If this was the kind of padding with which Dr. Campbell was in the habit of eking out the columns of the *British Banner*, we do not much wonder at the fact, recorded as something marvellous, that he could write a leading article on some occasions in two or three hours. It is obvious that the only limit to his speed would be the pace at which he could perform the mechanical operation of writing.

It is quite unnecessary to search further into Dr. Campbell's portrait as set forth by his biographers. He was for thirty-six years an energetic minister of a Dissenting Chapel, and for twenty-one years a hard-working editor of two or three harmless religious periodicals of large circulation. It seems also that he showed a disinterested spirit in money matters, doing some considerable share of his editing as a labour of love. Also he did a good deal to break down the monopoly of selling bibles. When he retired in consequence of old age, he received warm testimonials. Lord Shaftesbury presided at a breakfast at which one of these testimonials was presented, and declared that Dr. Campbell's works, which he had received, should be an heirloom in his family. Any testimony of ours must come weakly after such praises. However, we are quite ready to declare our opinion that, so far as we can disentangle any characteristics from the dreary memoir in which his memory is embalmed, he seems to have been really a very excellent and hardworking man, in spite of the eccentricities almost inevitable in his position, and that he deserved a better fate than to fall into the hands of such very unreadable biographers.



